

MODERN ENGLISH PROSE

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1936

First published 1936

Printed in India by N. Mukherjee, B.A., at the Art Press,
20, British Indian Street, Calcutta and Published by
Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, Calcutta.

PART I : THE SOCIAL ASPECT

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE publishers' thanks for permission to include copyright extracts are due to: Messrs. Longmans Green & Co., Ltd. for Chapter V from William Morris's *News from Nowhere*; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. for 'Numbers: or the Majority and the Remnant' from Matthew Arnold's *Discourses in America*; the Executors of the late Mrs. Russell Barrington and Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd. for the 'Introduction' to the second edition of Walter Bagehot's *The English Constitution*; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for R. L. Stevenson's 'Markheim'; Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham for 'The Gold Fish' from *Thirteen Stories* published by Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd.; the Executors of the late C. E. Montague for 'The Right Place'; Messrs. Faber & Faber Ltd. for 'A Village Cricket Match' from Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man*; Prof. Julian Huxley for 'Biology in Utopia' from *Essays in Popular Science*; Prof. J. B. S. Haldane for 'The Duty of Doubt' from *Possible Worlds*; University College, London for the late Sir Francis Galton's 'Sensitivity' from *Inquiries into Human Faculty*; Sir Arthur Eddington and the University Press, Cambridge for 'Mystical Religion' from *The Nature of the Physical World*; Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. for Joseph Conrad's 'Personal Record'.

PREFACE

THIS book has been designed to give undergraduate students in India models of modern English prose. It was born of necessity after many annual hunts in vain for a compiler who would distinguish between good prose and tawdry writing and a compilation which would offer the undergraduate only worthy models.

Examples in the plain way of writing on many subjects which should interest students in all faculties have been included, so that every student may find a suitable model to which he may play the 'sedulous ape' if he wishes to learn to write English. The passages it is hoped will encourage accurate reading, and reading over a wider field than the average student is usually found to attempt.

For the experience of some years has persuaded the compiler that the student of English here requires two things: firstly, a teacher with a text to persuade him that the ability to read is 'the final aftergrowth of much endeavour' and that vigour of mind must be brought to it always; secondly, models of English which he can imitate and which are worthy of imitation, so that after the failure of schools and colleges, he may still in the Universities have a belated opportunity of learning to write adequately a very useful language.

To satisfy these requirements some of the glories of modern English prose had to be denied this book. Writers with an exquisite peculiarity like Goldsmith or Lamb had to be avoided; the magnificence of Burke and the splendour of Ruskin could not be exemplified, but only their mastery of the plain, perspicuous way of writing. Yet a fine sufficiency remains; 'here is God's plenty.' For almost any man who has read long and eagerly in his subject when he feels compelled to write about it will write well. Not only is every author in this selection full of his subject but none of them is among the ruck of writers. They are all trained craftsmen, all talented, and many of them writers of genius.

A wonderful number of people are writing English well today. Despite cheap journalism, degrading advertisement writing, the excesses of provincial jargons and similarly vulgar influences, there is sufficient intellectual integrity about to offer us annually more undefiled English than any of us can hope to find time to enjoy. To assist the Indian student to share the enjoyment and use of this fine vehicle of expression this book has been compiled.

L B.

LUCKNOW

January, 1936

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I

From 'NEWS FROM NOWHERE'

BY WILLIAM MORRIS

[PROSE is persuasion: and the Greeks said that the first stage in persuasion is to persuade your audience that you are worth listening to. You must impress them with your personality. William Morris was the greatest personality among the artists of his generation in England, and it is commonly said that 5 his writings do not give an adequate idea of his vitality and its power over those he met. But in this passage 'the style is the man'. Surely no one can read this chapter without being affected by his optimism and idealism and attracted by his passion for clean, honest and beautiful things. *News from* 10 *Nowhere* is the most attractively impossible of English Utopias. It is not what might be, or could be, but Morris's idea of how he would like things to be: a dream, an insubstantial pageant. He wrote it when he was fifty-seven and a socialist, but his spirit had lost none of its ardour nor had he cast aside early 15 influences. As a young man he had been closely associated with the Pre-Raphaelite movement and he took into his socialism later his passionate belief that everything men make and use should be beautiful. That is reflected in this passage and so is Morris's expression of belief in the dignity of common labour; 20 but the finest experience from the book is here too, a sense of true fellowship grown among men, impact with dignity and love.]

PAST the Broadway there were fewer houses on either side. We presently crossed a pretty little brook that 25 ran across a piece of land dotted over with trees, and awhile after came to another market and townhall, as we should call it. Although there was nothing familiar

to me in its surroundings, I knew pretty well where we were, and was not surprised when my guide said briefly, 'Kensington Market.'

Just after this we came into a short street of houses; 5 or rather, one long house on either side of the way, built of timber and plaster, and with a pretty arcade over the footway before it.

Quoth Dick: 'This is Kensington proper. People are apt to gather here rather thick, for they like the 10 romance of the wood; and naturalists haunt it, too; for it is a wild spot even here, what there is of it; for it does not go far to the south: it goes from here northward and west right over Paddington and a little way down Notting Hill: thence it runs north-east to 15 Primrose Hill, and so on; rather a narrow strip of it gets through Kingsland to Stoke-Newington and Clapton, where it spreads out along the heights above the Lea marshes; on the other side of which, as you know, is Epping Forest holding out a hand to it. This 20 part we are just coming to is called Kensington Gardens; though why "gardens" I don't know.'

I rather longed to say, 'Well, I know'; but there were so many things about me which I did *not* know, in spite of his assumptions, that I thought it better to 25 hold my tongue.

The road plunged at once into a beautiful wood spreading out on either side, but obviously much further on the north side, where even the oaks and sweet chestnuts were of a good growth; while the 30 quicker-growing trees (amongst which I thought the planes and sycamores too numerous) were very big and fine-grown.

It was exceedingly pleasant in the dappled shadow, for the day was growing as hot as need be, and the coolness and shade soothed my excited mind into a condition of dreamy pleasure, so that I felt as if I should like to go on for ever through that balmy 5 freshness. My companion seemed to share in my feelings, and let the horse go slower and slower as he sat inhaling the green forest scents, chief amongst which was the smell of the trodden bracken near the way-side.

10

Romantic as this Kensington wood was, however, it was not lonely. We came on many groups both coming and going, or wandering in the edges of the wood. Amongst these were many children from six or eight years old up to sixteen or seventeen. They 15 seemed to me to be especially fine specimens of their race, and were clearly enjoying themselves to the utmost; some of them were hanging about little tents pitched on the greensward, and by some of these fires were burning, with pots hanging over them gipsy 20 fashion. Dick explained to me that there were scattered houses in the forest, and indeed we caught a glimpse of one or two. He said they were mostly quite small, such as used to be called cottages when there were slaves in the land, but they were pleasant 25 enough and fitting for the wood.

'They must be pretty well stocked with children,' said I, pointing to the many youngsters about the way.

'O,' said he, 'these children do not all come from 30 the near houses, the woodland houses, but from the countryside generally. They often make up parties,

and come to play in the woods for weeks together in summer-time, living in tents, as you see. We rather encourage them to it; they learn to do things for themselves, and get to notice the wild creatures; and, 5 you see, the less they stew inside houses the better for them. Indeed, I must tell you that many grown people will go to live in the forests through the summer; though they for the most part go to the bigger ones, like Windsor, or the Forest of Dean, or the northern 10 wastes. Apart from the other pleasures of it, it gives them a little rough work, which I am sorry to say is getting somewhat scarce for these last fifty years.'

He broke off, and then said, 'I tell you all this, because I see that if I talk I must be answering 15 questions, which you are thinking, even if you are not speaking them out; but my kinsman will tell you more about it.'

I saw that I was likely to get out of my depth again, and so merely for the sake of tiding over an awkward- 20 ness and to say something, I said:

'Well, the youngsters here will be all the fresher for school when the summer gets over and they have to go back again.'

'School?' he said; 'yes, what do you mean by that 25 word? I don't see how it can have anything to do with children. We talk, indeed, of a school of herring, and a school of painting, and in the former sense we might talk of a school of children—but otherwise,' said he, laughing, 'I must own myself beaten.'

30 Hang it! thought I, I can't open my mouth without digging up some new complexity. I wouldn't try to set my friend right in his etymology; and I thought

I had best say nothing about the boy-farms which I had been used to call schools, as I saw pretty clearly that they had disappeared; and so I said after a little fumbling, 'I was using the word in the sense of a system of education.'

5

'Education?' said he, meditatively, 'I know enough Latin to know that the word must come from *educere*, to lead out; and I have heard it used; but I have never met anybody who could give me a clear explanation of what it means.'

10

You may imagine how my new friends fell in my esteem when I heard this frank avowal; and I said rather contemptuously, 'Well, education means a system of teaching young people.'

'Why not old people also?' said he with a twinkle 15 in his eye. 'But,' he went on, 'I can assure you our children learn, whether they go through a "system of teaching" or not. Why, you will not find one of these children about here, boy or girl, who cannot swim, and every one of them has been used to tumbling 20 about the little forest ponies—there's one of them now! They all of them know how to cook; the bigger lads can mow; many can thatch and do odd jobs at carpentering; or they know how to keep shop. I can tell you they know plenty of things.'

25

'Yes, but their mental education, the teaching of their minds,' said I, kindly translating my phrase.

'Guest,' said he, 'perhaps you have not learned to do these things I have been speaking about; and if that's the case, don't you run away with the idea that 30 it doesn't take some skill to do them, and doesn't give plenty of work for one's mind: you would change

your opinion if you saw a Dorsetshire lad thatching, for instance. But, however, I understand you to be speaking of book-learning; and as to that, it is a simple affair. Most children, seeing books lying
5 about, manage to read by the time they are four years old; though I am told it has not always been so. As to writing, we do not encourage them to scrawl too early (though scrawl a little they will), because it gets them into a habit of ugly writing; and what's
10 the use of a lot of ugly writing being done, when rough printing can be done so easily. You understand that handsome writing we like, and many people will write their books out when they make them, or get them written; I mean books of which only a few
15 copies are needed—poems, and such like, you know. However, I am wandering from my lambs; but you must excuse me, for I am interested in this matter of writing, being myself a fair writer.'

'Well,' said I, 'about the children; when they know
20 how to read and write, don't they learn something else—languages, for instance?'

'Of course,' he said; 'sometimes even before they can read, they can talk French, which is the nearest language talked on the other side of the water; and
25 they soon get to know German also, which is talked by a huge number of communes and colleges on the mainland. These are the principal languages we speak in these islands, along with English or Welsh, or Irish, which is another form of Welsh; and children
30 pick them up very quickly, because their elders all know them; and besides our guests from over sea often bring their children with them, and the little

ones get together, and rub their speech into one another.'

'And the older languages?' said I.

'O yes,' said he, 'they mostly learn Latin and Greek along with the modern ones, when they do anything 5 more than merely pick up the latter.'

'And history?' said I; 'how do you teach history?'

'Well,' said he, 'when a person can read, of course he reads what he likes to; and he can easily get someone to tell him what are the best books to read on such or 10 such a subject, or to explain what he doesn't understand in the books when he is reading them.'

'Well,' said I, 'what else do they learn? I suppose they don't all learn history?'

'No, no,' said he; 'some don't care about it; in 15 fact, I don't think many do. I have heard my great-grandfather say that it is mostly in periods of turmoil and strife and confusion that people care much about history; and you know,' said my friend, with an amiable smile, 'we are not like that now. No; 20 many people study facts about the make of things and the matters of cause and effect, so that knowledge increases on us, if that be good; and some, as you heard about friend Bob yonder, will spend time over mathematics. 'Tis no use forcing people's 25 tastes.'

Said I: 'But you don't mean that children learn all these things?'

Said he: 'That depends on what you mean by children; and also you must remember how much 30 they differ. As a rule, they don't do much reading, except for a few story-books, till they are about fifteen

years old; we don't encourage early bookishness; though you will find some children who *will* take to books very early; which perhaps is not good for them; but it's no use thwarting them; and very often
5 it doesn't last long with them, and they find their level before they are twenty years old. You see, children are mostly given to imitating their elders, and when they see most people about them engaged in genuinely amusing work, like house-building and
10 street-paving, and gardening, and the like, that is what they want to be doing; so I don't think we need fear having too many book-learned men.'

What could I say? I sat and held my peace, for fear of fresh entanglements. Besides, I was using my
15 eyes with all my might, wondering as the old horse jogged on, when I should come into London proper, and what it would be like now.

But my companion couldn't let his subject quite drop, and went on meditatively:
20 'After all, I don't know that it does them much harm, even if they do grow up book-students. Such people as that, 'tis a great pleasure seeing them so happy over work which is not much sought for. And besides, these students are generally such pleasant
25 people; so kind and sweet tempered; so humble, and at the same time so anxious to teach everybody all that they know. Really, I like those that I have met prodigiously.'

This seemed to me such *very* queer talk that I was
30 on the point of asking him another question; when just as we came to the top of a rising ground, down a long glade of the wood on my right I caught sight

of a stately building whose outline was familiar to me, and I cried out, 'Westminster Abbey!'

'Yes,' said Dick, 'Westminster Abbey—what there is left of it.'

'Why, what have you done with it?' quoth I in terror.

'What have *we* done with it?' said he; 'nothing much, save clean it. But you know the whole outside was spoiled centuries ago: as to the inside, that remains in its beauty after the great clearance, which 10 took place over a hundred years ago, of the beastly monuments to fools and knaves, which once blocked it up, as great-grandfather says.'

We went on a little further, and I looked to the right again, and said, in rather a doubtful tone of 15 voice, 'Why, there are the Houses of Parliament! Do you still use them?'

He burst out laughing, and was some time before he could control himself; then he clapped me on the back and said: 20

'I take you, neighbour; you may well wonder at our keeping them standing, and I know something about that, and my old kinsman has given me books to read about the strange game that they played there. Use them! Well, yes, they are used for a 25 sort of subsidiary market, and a storage place for manure, and they are handy for that, being on the water-side. I believe it was intended to pull them down quite at the beginning of our days; but there was, I am told, a queer antiquarian society, which 30 had done some service in past times, and which straightway set up its pipe against their destruction,

as it has done with many other buildings, which most people looked upon as worthless, and public nuisances; and it was so energetic, and had such good reasons to give, that it generally gained its
5 point; and I must say that when all is said I am glad of it: because you know at the worst these silly old buildings serve as a kind of foil to the beautiful ones which we build now. You will see several others in these parts; the place my great-grandfather
10 lives in, for instance, and a big building called St. Paul's. And you see, in this matter we need not grudge a few poorish buildings standing, because we can always build elsewhere; nor need we be anxious as to the breeding of pleasant work in such matters,
15 for there is always room for more and more work in a new building, even without making it pretentious. For instance, elbow-room *within* doors is to me so delightful that if I were driven to it I would almost sacrifice outdoor space to it. Then, of course, there
20 is the ornament, which, as we must all allow, may easily be overdone in mere living houses, but can hardly be in mote-halls and markets, and so forth. I must tell you, though, that my great-grandfather sometimes tells me I am a little cracked on this
25 subject of fine building; and indeed I *do* think that the energies of mankind are chiefly of use to them for such work; for in that direction I can see no end to the work, while in many others a limit does seem possible.'

II

AD VALOREM

BY JOHN RUSKIN

[WHEN Ruskin began contributing articles on Political Economy to the *Cornhill* in 1839 he was known throughout England as an art critic who wrote beautifully. His views on political economy seem commonplace now but they were revolutionary then and coming from an art critic they were all the more 5 bitterly resented. Subscribers pestered Thackeray, the editor, until after the third paper he was forced to write to Ruskin and tell him he was sorry but the articles would have to be stopped and he could accept only one more. Naturally Ruskin put as much political economy as he could into this last article 10 and exerted all his powers of clear statement in the expression of his ideas. Eighteen months later when they were published in book form under the title *Unto This Last* Ruskin says of them: 'I believe them to be the best, that is to say, the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written ; 15 and the last of them, having had especial pains spent on it, is probably the best I shall ever write.'

The second half of the last essay is quoted here. It may be taken as a model by any one wishing to talk about a technical subject to a popular audience. Ruskin wanted all England to 20 hear about his ideas, so he could not use a technical jargon or his audience would not understand him. In any case he knew that a technical language is too often a collection of 'masked words' which the writers do not use accurately and perhaps do not understand themselves. So he used simple 25 English ; a language which can always be greatly used by any one who really has something to say. This passage may be taken as a model of expository English.]

LABOUR is the contest of the life of man with an

opposite;—the term ‘life’ including his intellect, soul, and physical power, contending with question, difficulty, trial, or material force.

Labour is of a higher or lower order, as it includes
5 more or fewer of the elements of life: and labour of good quality, in any kind, includes always as much intellect and feeling as will fully and harmoniously regulate the physical force.

In speaking of the value and price of labour, it is
10 necessary always to understand labour of a given rank and quality, as we should speak of gold or silver of a given standard. Bad (that is, heartless, inexperienced, or senseless) labour cannot be valued; it is like gold of uncertain alloy, or flawed iron.¹

15 The quality and kind of labour being given, its value, like that of all other valuable things, is invariable. But the quantity of it which must be given for other things is variable: and in estimating this variation, the price of other things must always be counted
20 by the quantity of labour; not the price of labour by the quantity of other things.

Thus, if we want to plant an apple sapling in rocky ground, it may take two hours’ work; in soft ground,

¹ Labour which is entirely good of its kind, that is to say,
25 effective, or efficient, the Greeks called ‘weighable’, or *αξιός*, translated usually ‘worthy’, and because thus substantial and true, they called its price *τιμή*, the ‘honourable estimate’ of it (honorarium): this word being founded on their conception of true labour as a divine thing, to be honoured with the kind
30 of honour given to the gods; whereas the price of false labour, or of that which led away from life, was to be, not honour, but vengeance; for which they reserved another word, attributing the exaction of such price to a peculiar goddess, called Tisiphone, the ‘requiter (or quittance-taker) of death’; a person
35 versed in the highest branches of arithmetic, and punctual in her habits; with whom accounts current have been opened also in modern days.

perhaps only half an hour. Grant the soil equally good for the tree in each case. Then the value of the sapling planted by two hours' work is nowise greater than that of the sapling planted in half an hour. One will bear no more fruit than the other. Also, one half-hour of 5 work is as valuable as another half-hour; nevertheless, the one sapling has cost four such pieces of work, the other only one. Now, the proper statement of this fact is, not that the labour on the hard ground is cheaper than on the soft; but that the tree is dearer. 10 The exchange value may, or may not, afterwards depend on this fact. If other people have plenty of soft ground to plant in, they will take no cognizance of our two hours' labour in the price they will offer for the plant on the rock. And if, through want of suffi- 15 cient botanical science, we have planted an upas-tree instead of an apple, the exchange value will be a negative quantity; still less proportionate to the labour expended.

What is commonly called cheapness of labour, 20 signifies, therefore, in reality, that many obstacles have to be overcome by it; so that much labour is required to produce a small result. But this should never be spoken of as cheapness of labour, but as dear-ness of the object wrought for. It would be just as 25 rational to say that walking was cheap, because we had ten miles to walk home to our dinner, as that labour was cheap, because we had to work ten hours to earn it.

The last word which we have to define is 'Pro- 30 duction'.

I have hitherto spoken of all labour as profitable because it is impossible to consider under one head the quality or value of labour, and its aim. But labour of the best quality may be various in aim. It may be either constructive ('gathering', from *con* and *struo*) as agriculture; nugatory, as jewel-cutting; or destructive ('scattering', from *de* and *struo*), as war. It is not, however, always easy to prove labour, apparently nugatory, to be actually so;¹ generally, the formula holds good: 'he that gathereth not, scattereth'; thus, the jeweller's art is probably very harmful in its ministering to a clumsy and inelegant pride. So that, finally, I believe nearly all labour may be shortly divided into positive and negative labour: positive, that which produces life; negative, that which produces death; the most directly negative labour being murder, and the most directly positive, the bearing and rearing of children: so that in the precise degree in which murder is hateful, on the negative side of idleness, in that exact degree child-rearing is admirable, on the positive side of idleness. For which reason and because of the honour that there is in

¹ The most accurately nugatory labour is, perhaps, that of which not enough is given to answer a purpose effectually, and which, therefore, has all to be done over again. Also, labour which fails of effect through non-co-operation. The curé of a little village near Bellinzona, to whom I had expressed wonder that the peasants allowed the Ticino to flood their fields, told me that they would not join to build an effectual embankment high up the valley, because everybody said 'that would help his neighbours as much as himself'. So every proprietor built a bit of low embankment about his own field; and the Ticino, as soon as it had a mind, swept away and swallowed all up together.

rearing¹ children, while the wife is said to be as the vine (for cheering), the children are as the olive branch, for praise: nor for praise only, but for peace (because large families can only be reared in times of peace): though since, in their spreading and voyaging in 5 various directions, they distribute strength, they are, to the home strength, as arrows in the hand of the giant—striking here and there far away.

Labour being thus various in its result, the prosperity of any nation is in exact proportion to the 10 quantity of labour which it spends in obtaining and employing means of life. Observe,—I say, obtaining and employing; that is to say, not merely wisely producing, but wisely distributing and consuming. Economists usually speak as if there were no good in 15 consumption absolute.² So far from this being so, consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production; and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital 20 question, for individual and for nation, is, never ‘how much do they make?’ but ‘to what purpose do they spend?’

¹ Observe I say, ‘rearing’, not ‘begetting’. The praise is in the seventh season, not in *σπορητος*, nor in *φνταλτα*, but in *σπωρα*. It is strange that men always praise enthusiastically any person who, by a momentary exertion, saves a life; but praise very hesitatingly a person who, by exertion and self-denial prolonged through years, creates one. We give the crown ‘ob civem servatum’;—why not ‘ob civem natum’? Born, I 30 mean, to the full, in soul as well as body. England has oak enough, I think, for both chaplets.

² When Mr. Mill speaks of productive consumption, he only means consumption which results in increase of capital or material wealth. See I. iii. 4, and I. iii. 5.

The reader may, perhaps, have been surprised at the slight reference I have hitherto made to 'capital', and its functions. It is here the place to define them.

- Capital signifies 'head, or source, or root material'
5 —it is material by which some derivative or secondary good is produced. It is only capital proper (*caput vivum*, not *caput mortuum*) when it is thus producing something different from itself. It is a root, which does not enter into vital function till it produces some-
10 thing else than a root: namely, fruit. That fruit will in time again produce roots; and so all living capital issues in reproduction of capital; but capital which produces nothing but capital is only root producing root; bulb issuing in bulb, never in tulip; seed issuing
15 in seed, never in bread. The Political Economy of Europe has hitherto devoted itself wholly to the multiplication, or (less even) the aggregation, of bulbs. It never saw, nor conceived, such a thing as a tulip. Nay, boiled bulbs they might have been—glass bulbs
20 —Prince Rupert's drops, consummated in powder (well, if it were glass-powder and not gun-powder), for any end or meaning the economists had in defining the laws of aggregation. We will try and get a clearer notion of them.
- 25 The best and simplest general type of capital is a well-made ploughshare. Now, if that ploughshare did nothing but beget other ploughshares, in a poly-
pous manner,—however the great cluster of polypous plough might glitter in the sun, it would have lost its
30 function of capital. It becomes true capital only by another kind of splendour,—when it is seen 'splend-
escere sulco', to grow bright in the furrow; rather with

diminution of its substance, than addition, by the noble friction. And the true home question, to every capitalist and to every nation, is not, 'how many ploughs have you?' but, 'where are your furrows?' not—'how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?' 5—but, 'what will it do during reproduction?' What substance will it furnish, good for life? what work construct, protective of life? if none, its own reproduction is useless—if worse than none,—(for capital may destroy life as well as support it), its own reproduction 10 is worse than useless; it is merely an advance from Tisiphone, on mortgage—not a profit by any means.

Not a profit, as the ancients truly saw, and showed in the type of Ixion;—for capital is the head, or fountain head, of wealth—the 'well-head' of wealth, 15 as the clouds are the well-heads of rain: but when clouds are without water, and only beget clouds, they issue in wrath at last, instead of rain, and in lightning instead of harvest; whence Ixion is said first to have invited his guests to a banquet, and then made them 20 fall into a pit filled with fire; which is the type of the temptation of riches issuing in imprisoned torment,—torment, in a pit, (as also Demas' silver mine,) after which, to show the rage of riches passing from lust of pleasure to lust of power, yet power not truly under- 25 stood, Ixion is said to have desired Juno, and instead, embracing a cloud (or phantasm), to have begotten the Centaurs; the power of mere wealth being, in itself, as the embrace of a shadow,—comfortless, (so also 'Ephraim feedeth on wind and followeth after the east 30 wind'; or 'that which is not'—Prov. xxiii. 5; and again Dante's Geryon, the type of avaricious fraud, as he

flies, gathers the *air* up with retractile claws,—‘l’acr a se raccoglie’,¹) but in its offspring, a mingling of the brutal with the human nature: human in sagacity—using both intellect and arrow; but brutal in its body
 5 and hoof, for consuming, and trampling down. For which sin Ixion is at last bound upon a wheel—fiery and toothed, and rolling perpetually in the air;—the type of human labour when selfish and fruitless (kept far into the Middle Ages in their wheel of fortune); the
 10 wheel which has in it no breath or spirit, but is whirled by chance only; whereas of all true work the Ezekiel vision is true, that the Spirit of the living creature is in the wheels, and where the angels go, the wheels go by them; but move no otherwise.

15 This being the real nature of capital, it follows that there are two kinds of true production, always going on in an active State: one of seed, and one of food; or production for the Ground, and for the Mouth; both of which are by covetous persons thought to be pro-
 20 duction only for the granary; whereas the function of the granary is but intermediate and conservative, fulfilled in distribution; else it ends in nothing but

¹ So also in the vision of the women bearing the ephah, before quoted, ‘the wind was in their wings,’ not wings ‘of a stork’, as in our version; but ‘*milyi*’, of a kite, in the Vulgate, or perhaps more accurately still in the Septuagint, ‘hoopoe,’ a bird connected typically with the power of riches by many traditions, of which that of its petition for a crest of gold is perhaps the most interesting. The ‘Birds’ of Aristophanes, in
 30 which its part is principal, are full of them; note especially the ‘fortification of the air with baked bricks, like Babylon’, L. 550; and, again, compare the Plutus of Dante, who (to show the influence of riches in destroying the reason) is the only one of the powers of the Inferno who cannot speak intelligibly; and
 35 also the cowardliest; he is not merely quelled or restrained, but literally ‘collapses’ at a word; the sudden and helpless operation of mercantile panic being all told in the brief metaphor, ‘as the sails, swollen with the wind, fall, when the mast breaks.’

mildew, and nourishment of rats and worms. And since production for the Ground is only useful with future hope of harvest, all *essential* production is for the Mouth; and is finally measured by the mouth; hence, as I said above, consumption is the crown of 5 production; and the wealth of a nation is only to be estimated by what it consumes.

The want of any clear sight of this fact is the capital error, issuing in rich interest and revenue of error among the political economists. Their minds are 10 continually set on money-gain, not on mouth-gain; and they fall into every sort of net and snare, dazzled by the coin-glitter as birds by the fowler's glass; or rather (for there is not much else like birds in them) they are like children trying to jump on the heads of 15 their own shadows; the money-gain being only the shadow of the true gain, which is humanity.

The final object of political economy, therefore, is to get good method of consumption, and great quantity of consumption: in other words, to use everything, 20 and to use it nobly; whether it be substance, service, or service perfecting substance. The most curious error in Mr. Mill's entire work, (provided for him originally by Ricardo,) is his endeavour to distinguish between direct and indirect service, and consequent 25 assertion that a demand for commodities is not demand for labour (I. v. 9, *et seq.*). He distinguishes between labourers employed to lay out pleasure grounds, and to manufacture velvet; declaring that it makes material difference to the labouring classes in which of 30 these two ways a capitalist spends his money; because the employment of the gardeners is a demand for

labour, but the purchase of velvet is not.¹ Error colossal, as well as strange. It will, indeed, make a difference to the labourer whether we bid him swing his scythe in the spring winds, or drive the loom in pestilential air; but, so far as his pocket is concerned, it makes to him absolutely no difference whether we order him to make green velvet, with seed and a scythe, or red velvet, with silk and scissors. Neither does it anywise concern him whether, when the velvet is made, we consume it by walking on it, or wearing it, so long as our consumption of it is wholly selfish. But if our consumption is to be in anywise unselfish, not only our mode of consuming the articles we require interests him, but also the *kind* of article we require with a view to consumption. As thus (returning for a moment to Mr. Mill's great hardware theory¹): it matters, so far as the labourer's immediate profit is

¹ The value of raw material, which has, indeed, to be deducted from the price of the labour, is not contemplated in the passages referred to, Mr. Mill having fallen into the mistake solely by pursuing the collateral results of the payment of wages to middlemen. He says—'The consumer does not, with his own funds, pay the weaver for his day's work.' Pardon me: the consumer of velvet pays the weaver with his own funds as much as he pays the gardener. He pays, probably, an intermediate ship-owner, velvet merchant, and shopman; pays carriage money, shop rent, damage money, time money, and care money; all these are above and beside the velvet price, (just as the wages of a head gardener would be above the grass price); but the velvet is as much produced by the consumer's capital, though he does not pay for it till six months after production, as the grass is produced by his capital, though he does not pay the man who rolled and mowed it on Monday, till Saturday afternoon. I do not know if Mr. Mill's conclusion,—'the capital cannot be dispensed with, the purchasers can' (p. 98), has yet been reduced to practice in the City on any large scale.

¹ Which, observe, is the precise opposite of the one under examination. The hardware theory required us to discharge our gardeners and engage manufacturers; the velvet theory requires us to discharge our manufacturers and engage gardeners.

concerned, not an iron filing whether I employ him in growing a peach, or forging a bombshell; but my probable mode of consumption of those articles matters seriously. Admit that it is to be in both cases 'unselfish', and the difference, to him, is final, whether 5 when his child is ill, I walk into his cottage and give it the peach, or drop the shell down his chimney, and blow his roof off.

The worst of it, for the peasant, is, that the capitalist's consumption of the peach is apt to be 10 selfish, and of the shell, distributive;¹ but, in all cases, this is the broad and general fact, that on due catallactic commercial principles, *somebody's* roof must go off in fulfilment of the bomb's destiny. You may grow for your neighbour, at your liking, grapes 15 or grape-shot; he will also, catallactically, grow grapes or grape-shot for you, and you will each reap what you have sown.

¹ It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports 20 unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides; which makes such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the 25 cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with: as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation annually, (a remarkably light crop, half thorns 30 and half aspen leaves,—sown, reaped, and granaried by the 'science' of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, 35 who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person. 40

It is, therefore, the manner and issue of consumption which are the real tests of production. Production does not consist in things laboriously made, but in things serviceably consumable; and the question for the nation is not how much labour it employs, but how much life it produces. For as consumption is the end and aim of production, so life is the end and aim of consumption.

I left this question to the reader's thought two months ago,¹ choosing rather that he should work it out for himself than have it sharply stated to him. But now, the ground being sufficiently broken (and the details into which the several questions, here opened, must lead us, being too complex for discussion in the pages of a periodical, so that I must pursue them elsewhere), I desire, in closing the series of introductory papers, to leave this one great fact clearly stated. **THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE.** Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be: all political economy founded on self-interest² being but the fulfilment of

¹ See Ruskin's essay 'The Veins of Wealth', last two pars.

80 ² 'In all reasoning about prices, the proviso must be understood, "supposing all parties to take care of their own interest."' —Mill, III. i. 5.

that which once brought schism into the Policy of angels, and ruin into the Economy of Heaven.

‘The greatest number of human beings noble and happy.’ But is the nobleness consistent with the number? Yes, not only consistent with it, but 5 essential to it. The maximum of life can only be reached by the maximum of virtue. In this respect the law of human population differs wholly from that of animal life. The multiplication of animals is checked only by want of food, and by the hostility of 10 races; the population of the gnat is restrained by the hunger of the swallow, and that of the swallow by the scarcity of gnats. Man, considered as an animal, is indeed limited by the same laws: hunger, or plague, or war, are the necessary and only restraints upon his 15 increase,—effectual restraints hitherto,—his principal study having been how most swiftly to destroy himself, or ravage his dwelling-places, and his highest skill directed to give range to the famine, seed to the plague, and sway to the sword. But, considered as 20 other than an animal, his increase is not limited by these laws. It is limited only by the limits of his courage and his love. Both of these *have* their bounds; and ought to have; his race has its bounds also; but these have not yet been reached, nor will be 25 reached for ages.

In all the ranges of human thought I know none so melancholy as the speculations of political economists on the population question. It is proposed to better the condition of the labourer by giving him 30 higher wages. ‘Nay,’ says the economist,—‘if you raise his wages, he will either people down to the same

point of misery at which you found him, or drink your wages away.' He will. I know it. Who gave him this will? Suppose it were your own son of whom you spoke, declaring to me that you dared not
5 take him into your firm, nor even give him his just labourer's wages, because if you did he would die of drunkenness, and leave half a score of children to the parish. 'Who gave your son these dispositions?'—I should inquire. Has he them by inheritance or by
10 education? By one or other they *must* come; and as in him, so also in the poor. Either these poor are of a race essentially different from ours, and unredeemable (which, however often implied, I have heard none yet openly say), or else by such care as
15 we have ourselves received, we may make them continent and sober as ourselves—wise and dispassionate as we are—models arduous of imitation. 'But,' it is answered, 'they cannot receive education.' Why not? That is precisely the point at issue. Charitable
20 persons suppose the worst fault of the rich is to refuse the people meat; and the people cry for their meat, kept back by fraud, to the Lord of Multitudes.¹ Alas! it is not meat of which the refusal is cruelest, or to which the claim is validest. The life is more
25 than the meat. The rich not only refuse food to the poor; they refuse wisdom; they refuse virtue; they refuse salvation. Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the Presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be

30 ¹ James v. 4. Observe, in these statements I am not taking up, nor countenancing one whit, the common socialist idea of division of property: division of property is its destruction; and with it the destruction of all hope, all industry, and all

pleadable; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table if you will; but claim them as children, not as dogs; claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

5

Strange words to be used of working people! 'What! holy; without any long robes or anointing oils; these rough-jacketed, rough-worded persons; set to nameless, dishonoured service? Perfect!—these, with dim eyes and cramped limbs, and slowly waken-10 ing minds? Pure!—these, with sensual desire and grovelling thought; foul of body and coarse of soul?' It may be so; nevertheless, such as they are, they are the holiest, perfectest, purest persons the earth can at present show. They may be what you have said; 15

justice: it is simply chaos—a chaos towards which the believers in modern political economy are fast tending, and from which I am striving to save them. The rich man does not keep back meat from the poor by retaining his riches; but by basely using them. Riches are a form of strength; and a strong man does 20 not injure others by keeping his strength, but by using it injuriously. The socialist, seeing a strong man oppress a weak one, cries out— 'Break the strong man's arms;' but I say, 'Teach him to use them to better purpose.' The fortitude and intelligence which acquire riches are intended, by the Giver 25 of both, not to scatter, nor to give away, but to employ those riches in the service of mankind; in other words, in the redemption of the erring and aid of the weak—that is to say, there is first to be the work to gain money; then the Sabbath of use for it—the Sabbath, whose law is, not to lose life, but to save. 30 It is continually the fault or the folly of the poor that they are poor, as it is usually a child's fault if it falls into a pond, and a cripple's weakness that slips at a crossing; nevertheless, most passers-by would pull the child out, or help up the cripple. Put it at the worst, that all the poor of the world are but 35 disobedient children, or careless cripples, and that all rich people are wise and strong, and you will see at once that neither is the socialist right in desiring to make everybody poor, powerless, and foolish as he is himself, nor the rich man right in leaving 40 the children in the mire.

but if so, they yet are holier than we who have left them thus.

But what can be done for them? Who can clothe—who teach—who restrain their multitudes? What end
5 can there be for them at last, but to consume one another?

I hope for another end, though not, indeed, from any of the three remedies for over-population commonly suggested by economists.

10 These three are, in brief—Colonization; Bringing in of waste lands; or Discouragement of Marriage.

The first and second of these expedients merely evade or delay the question. It will, indeed, be long before the world has been all colonized, and its
15 deserts all brought under cultivation. But the radical question is, not how much habitable land is in the world, but how many human beings ought to be maintained on a given space of habitable land.

Observe, I say, *ought* to be, not how many *can* be.
20 Ricardo, with his usual inaccuracy, defines what he calls the ‘natural rate of wages’ as ‘that which will maintain the labourer’. Maintain him! yes; but how?—the question was instantly thus asked of me by a working girl, to whom I read the passage. I
25 will amplify her question for her. ‘Maintain him, how?’ As, first, to what length of life? Out of a given number of fed persons, how many are to be old—how many young? that is to say, will you arrange their maintenance so as to kill them early
30—say at thirty or thirty-five on the average, including deaths of weakly or ill-fed children?—or so as to enable them to live out a natural life? You will

feed a greater number. in the first case,¹ by rapidity of succession; probably a happier number in the second: which does Mr. Ricardo mean to be their natural state, and to which state belongs the natural rate of wages? 5

Again: A piece of land which will only support ten idle, ignorant, and improvident persons, will support thirty or forty intelligent and industrious ones. Which of these is their natural state, and to which of them belongs the natural rate of wages? 10

Again: If a piece of land support forty persons in industrious ignorance; and if, tired of this ignorance, they set apart ten of their number to study the properties of cones, and the sizes of stars; the labour of these ten being withdrawn from the ground, must 15 either tend to the increase of food in some transitional manner, or the persons set apart for sidereal and conic purposes must starve, or someone else starve instead of them. What is, therefore, the natural rate of wages of the scientific persons, and how does this 20 rate relate to, or measure, their reverted or transitional productiveness?

Again: If the ground maintains, at first, forty labourers in a peaceable and pious state of mind, but they become in a few years so quarrelsome and impious 25 that they have to set apart five, to meditate upon and settle their disputes;—ten, armed to the teeth with costly instruments, to enforce the decisions; and five to remind everybody in an eloquent manner of the existence of a God;—what will be the result upon 30

¹ The quantity of life is the same in both cases; but it is differently allotted.

the general power of production, and what is the 'natural rate of wages' of the meditative, muscular, and oracular labourers?

Leaving these questions to be discussed, or waived, at their pleasure, by Mr. Ricardo's followers, I proceed to state the main facts bearing on that probable future of the labouring classes which has been partially glanced at by Mr. Mill. That chapter and the preceding one differ from the common writing of political economists in admitting some value in the aspect of nature, and expressing regret at the probability of the destruction of natural scenery. But we may spare our anxieties on this head. Men can neither drink steam, nor eat stone. The maximum of population on a given space of land implies also the relative maximum of edible vegetable, whether for men or cattle; it implies a maximum of pure air, and of pure water. Therefore: a maximum of wood, to transmute the air, and of sloping ground, protected by herbage from the extreme heat of the sun, to feed the streams. All England may, if it so chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of general humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory, nor a mine. No amount of ingenuity will ever make iron digestible by the million, nor substitute hydrogen for wine. Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them; and however the apple of Sodom and the grape of Gomorrah may spread their table for a time with dainties of ashes, and nectar of asps,—so long as

men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring round the wine-press and the well.

Nor need our more sentimental economists fear the 5 too wide spread of the formalities of a mechanical agriculture. The presence of a wise population implies the search for felicity as well as for food; nor can any population reach its maximum but through that wisdom which 'rejoices' in the habitable parts of the 10 earth. The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by un- 15 arrested sand, their powers of frost and fire: but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labour; smooth 20 in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent: it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound— triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, 25 and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary; —the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, 30 as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna.

by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy, in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.

- 5 Note, finally, that all effectual advancement towards this true felicity of the human race must be by individual, not public effort. Certain general measures may aid, certain revised laws guide, such advancement; but the measure and law which have
10 first to be determined are those of each man's home. We continually hear it recommended by sagacious people to complaining neighbours (usually less well placed in the world than themselves), that they should 'remain content in the station in which Providence
15 has placed them'. There are perhaps some circumstances of life in which Providence has no intention that people *should* be content. Nevertheless, the maxim is on the whole a good one; but it is peculiarly for home use. That your neighbour should, or should
20 not, remain content with *his* position, is not your business; but it is very much your business to remain content with your own. What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent,
25 well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater
30 wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions,

self-possession; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

Of which lowly peace it is written that 'justice and peace have kissed each other'; and that the fruit of justice is 'sown in peace of them that make peace'; 5 not 'peace-makers' in the common understanding—reconcilers of quarrels; (though that function also follows on the greater one;) but peace-Creators; Givers of ~~Cal. which you cannot give~~. Unless you first gain; nor is this gain one which will follow 10 assuredly on any course of business, commonly so called. No form of gain is less probable, business being (as is shown in the language of all nations—*πωλειν* from *πελω*, *πρασις* from *περαω*, *venire*, *vendre*, and *venal*, from *venio*, etc.) essentially restless—and probably 15 contentious;—having a raven-like mind to the motion to and fro, as to the carrion food; whereas the olive-feeding and bearing birds look for rest for their feet; thus it is said of Wisdom that she 'hath builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars'; and even when, 20 though apt to wait long at the doorposts, she has to leave her house and go abroad, her paths are peace also.

For us, at all events, her work must begin at the entry of the doors: all true economy is 'Law of the 25 house.' Strive to make that law strict, simple, generous: waste nothing, and grudge nothing. Care in nowise to make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact—the rule and root of all economy— 30 that what one person has, another cannot have; and that every atom of substance, of whatever kind, used

or consumed, is so much human life spent; which, if it issue in the saving present life, or gaining more, is well spent, but if not is either so much life prevented, or so much slain. In all buying, consider, first, what
 5 condition of existence you cause in the producers of what you buy; secondly, whether the sum you have paid is just to the producer, and in due proportion, lodged in his hands;¹ thirdly, to how much clear use, for food, knowledge, or joy, this that you have bought
 10 can be put; and fourthly, to whom and in what way it can be most speedily and serviceably distributed; in all dealings whatsoever insisting on entire openness and stern fulfilment; and in all doings, on perfection and loveliness of accomplishment; especially on fine-
 15 ness and purity of all marketable commodity: watching at the same time for all ways of gaining, or teaching, powers of simple pleasure; and of showing ‘ὅσον ἐν ἀσφσδελω μεγ’ ὀνειαρ’—the sum of enjoyment depending not on the quantity of things tasted, but on
 20 the vivacity and patience of taste.

And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be
 25 a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing

¹ The proper offices of middlemen, namely, overseers (or authoritative workmen), conveyancers (merchants, sailors, retail dealers, etc.), and order-takers (persons employed to receive directions from the consumer), must, of course, be examined
 30 before I can enter farther into the question of just payment of the first producer. But I have not spoken of them in these introductory papers, because the evils attendant on the abuse of such intermediate functions result not from any alleged principle of modern political economy, but from private careless-
 35 ness or iniquity.

it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present 5 can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, 10 go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be 'Unto this last as unto thee'; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall 15 be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest.

III

NUMBERS : OR THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

[SINCE the advent of democracies, reformers have urged the people as Arnold does here to try to see the truth and act upon it, sadly realizing that this is given to very few human beings indeed. 'Clear your mind of cant' Dr. Johnson said and Arnold
5 here and Newman in a later passage in this book enlarge on his saying, for they believe that true human progress depends upon the few who can see truly and explain the truth to their fellow-men. It is an ideal for a university if not to breed finders of truth at any rate to enable students to recognize the truth
10 when they read it ; and to foster an intellectual morality which will compel those who find the truth to live by it.

How will they live? Just after this passage Arnold quotes Plato, who is criticizing the first and greatest of European democracies. He says: 'Plato's account of the most gifted and
15 brilliant community of the ancient world, of that Athens of his to which we all owe so much, is despondent enough. "There is but a very small remnant," he says, "of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom, and who can fully
20 see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just, what," asks Plato, "are they to do? They may be compared," says Plato, "to a man who has fallen among wild beasts ; he will not be
25 one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them ; and before he can do any good to society or his friends, he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly. When he considers this, he will resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business ; as

it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind ; and he will endure to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and of impiety, and depart, when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope." Is this the best mode of life for him who has the truth in him?

The speech from which the passage is taken was delivered in New York and is the first of three which Arnold published in book form in 1885 under the title *Discourses in America*.]

THERE is a characteristic saying of Dr. Johnson : 10
 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' The saying is cynical, many will even call it brutal ; yet it has in it something of plain, robust sense and truth. We do often see men passing themselves off as patriots, who are in truth scoundrels ; we meet with talk and 15 proceedings laying claim to patriotism, which are these gentlemen's last refuge. We may all of us agree in praying to be delivered from patriots and patriotism of this sort. Short of such, there is undoubtedly, sheltering itself under the fine name of patriotism, a 20 good deal of self-flattery and self-delusion which is mischievous. 'Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be ; why, then, should we desire to be deceived ?' In that uncompromising sentence of Bishop Butler's is surely the 25 right and salutary maxim for both individuals and nations.

Yet there is an honourable patriotism which we should satisfy if we can, and should seek to have on our side. At home I have said so much of the 30 characters of our society and the prospects of our civilization, that I can hardly escape the like topic elsewhere. Speaking in America, I cannot well avoid

saying something about the prospects of society in the United States. It is a topic where one is apt to touch people's patriotic feelings. No one will accuse me of having flattered the patriotism of that great country
5 of English people on the other side of the Atlantic, amongst whom I was born. Here, so many miles from home, I begin to reflect with tender contrition, that perhaps I have not,—I will not say flattered the patriotism of my own countrymen enough, but
10 regarded it enough. Perhaps that is one reason why I have produced so very little effect upon them. It was a fault of youth and inexperience. But it would be unpardonable to come in advanced life and repeat the same error here. You will not expect impossibilities
15 of me. You will not expect me to say that things are not what, in my judgement, they are, and that the consequences of them will not be what they will be. I should make nothing of it; I should be a too palpable failure. But I confess that I should be glad if in what
20 I say here I could engage American patriotism on my side, instead of rousing it against me. And it so happens that the paramount thoughts which your great country raises in my mind are really and truly of a kind to please, I think, any true American patriot,
25 rather than to offend him.

The vast scale of things here, the extent of your country, your numbers, the rapidity of your increase, strike the imagination, and a common topic for admiring remark. Our great orator, Mr. Bright, is never
30 weary of telling us how many acres of land you have at your disposal, how many bushels of grain you produce, how many millions you are, how many more

millions you will be presently, and what a capital thing this is for you. Now, though I do not always agree with Mr. Bright, I find myself agreeing with him here. I think your numbers afford a very real and important ground for satisfaction. 5

Not that your great numbers, or indeed great numbers of men anywhere, are likely to be all good, or even to have the majority good. 'The majority are bad,' said one of the wise men of Greece; but he was a pagan. Much to the same effect, however, is the 10 famous sentence of the New Testament: 'Many are called, few chosen.' This appears a hard saying; frequent are the endeavours to elude it, to attenuate its severity. But turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, 15 can never mean the many. Perhaps you will say that the majority *is*, sometimes, good, that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. Yes, but it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if today its good impulses prevail, they succumb tomorrow; 20 sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong. Even a popular orator, or a popular journalist, will hardly say that the multitude may be trusted to have its judgement generally just, and its action generally virtuous. It may be better, it is better, that the body 25 of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence 30 cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to

educate the people. But still, the world being what it is, we must surely expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one.
5 So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints.

IV

SPEECH AT BRISTOL ON DECLINING THE POLL, 1780

BY EDMUND BURKE

[THE spirit of English Literature in the eighteenth century finds unique expression in a few simple prose passages. Among them are Swift's *Portrait of Stella*, Hume's *Autobiography*, this speech by Burke, a few of Johnson's letters and Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*. They have in common the simplicity of unaffected 5 earnestness and they all reveal the powerful personalities of their authors in a more intimate and perhaps more appealing way than do their more prepared and pretentious utterances. Every one who would reverence the greatness of these men and their century should read them.

10

Burke's name is associated for us with passionate eloquence and sustained and lofty argument. The occasion of this speech did not call for argument so this is not the Burke of Hazlitt's famous phrase 'here was a man pouring out his mind on paper'. Here certainly we have true eloquence, but not of the order that 15 is commonly associated with Burke's name. Like a true artist he found the style suitable to the occasion.

Burke had served Bristol in Parliament for six years and on its dissolution in 1780 he decided to seek re-election. But he had shown an independent spirit on questions then very contro- 20 versial, notably Irish Trade, the Insolvent Debtors' Bill and the relief of Roman Catholics, and he had alienated many of the Bristol merchants. However, he put his views before his constituency in a speech the like of which, it is said, has never been heard before or since on the hustings and as a result was pressed 25 to offer himself as a candidate. But he decided to decline the election and did so in the speech we have here.

It was a painful occasion for Burke and his supporters and the simplicity of language and style reflects his emotions. Burke

is the great master in English of the ornate style : here he shows perfect mastery of the severely plain style. In the old Greek schools of rhetoric these styles were called the 'Asiatic' and the 'Attic'. The classical example in English of the opposition of
 5 these styles is the speeches of Antony and Brutus over the body of Cæsar in Shakespeare's play. Burke's speech has just the quality of Brutus's speech in the play ; it is the voice of sincerity and integrity.]

Bristol, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1780

10 This morning the sheriff and candidates assembled as usual at the Council-house, and from thence proceeded to Guildhall. Proclamation being made for the electors to appear and give their votes, MR. BURKE stood forward on the hustings, surrounded by a great number of the corporation and other principal
 15 citizens, and addressed himself to the whole assembly as follows :—

GENTLEMEN,

I decline the election.—It has ever been my rule through life, to observe a proportion between my
 20 efforts and my objects. I have never been remarkable for a bold, active, and sanguine pursuit of advantages that are personal to myself.

I have not canvassed the whole of this city in form. But I have taken such a view of it as satisfies my own
 25 mind, that your choice will not ultimately fall upon me. Your city, gentlemen, is in a state of miserable distraction ; and I am resolved to withdraw whatever share my pretensions may have had in its unhappy divisions. I have not been in haste ; I have tried all
 30 prudent means ; I have waited for the effect of all contingencies. If I were fond of a contest, by the partiality of my numerous friends (whom you know to be among the most weighty and respectable people of the city), I have the means of a sharp one in my hands.

But I thought it far better with my strength unspent, and my reputation unimpaired, to do, early and from foresight, that which I might be obliged to do from necessity at last.

I am not in the least surprised, nor in the least angry 5 at this view of things. I have read the book of life for a long time, and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me, but what has happened to men much better than me, and in times and in nations full as good as the age and the country that 10 we live in. To say that I am no way concerned, would be neither decent nor true. The representation of Bristol was an object on many accounts dear to me; and I certainly should very far prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it; and it is 15 in general more unpleasant to be rejected after long trial, than not to be chosen at all.

But, gentlemen, I will see nothing except your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of 20 my heart I thank you for what you have done for me. You have given me a long term, which is now expired. I have performed the conditions, and enjoyed all the profits to the full; and I now surrender your estate into your hands, without being in a single tile or a 25 single stone impaired or wasted by my use. I have served the public for fifteen years. I have served you in particular for six. What is passed is well stored. It is safe, and out of the power of fortune. What is to come, is in wiser hands than ours: and He, in whose 30 hands it is, best knows whether it is best for you and

me that I should be in parliament, or even in the world.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled
5 about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman,¹ who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us, what shadows
10 we are, and what shadows we pursue.

It has been usual for a candidate who declines, to take his leave by a letter to the sheriffs; but I received your trust in the face of day: and in the face of day I accept your dismissal. I am not,—I am not at all
15 ashamed to look upon you; nor can my presence discompose the order of business here. I humbly and respectfully take my leave of the sheriffs, the candidates, and the electors, wishing heartily that the choice may be for the best, at a time which calls, if ever time
20 did call, for service that is not nominal. It is no plaything you are about. I tremble when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask. I confided perhaps too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright; and I am bold to say that I ask no ill thing
25 for you, when on parting from this place I pray that whomever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me exactly in all things, except in my abilities to serve, and my fortune to please you.

¹ Mr. Coombe.

V

INTRODUCTION TO 'THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION'

BY WALTER BAGEHOT

[THE reasons for including this passage must be evident to every reader. When Bagehot published his *English Constitution* in 1867 he showed that he possessed a style which admirably reflected the liveliness and honesty of his mind. He was not a great writer but he wrote energetically and entertainingly. 5 Balfour, in his introduction to the 'World's Classics' edition, says: 'Critics of manner may perhaps allege that the style occasionally wants finish; but they must be hard to please if they deny that it is forcible, rapid, high-spirited and clear,—that it is always spontaneous and never lacks point.' 10

The book may be taken as a model of clear thinking and thoughtful criticism in a time of great political change. The changes were so rapid that in 1872 when a new edition was called for, Bagehot found a lengthy introduction necessary. The passage given here is the first part of that introduction. 15 Balfour's remarks on Bagehot's method are helpful. He says: 'What was that method? It can perhaps best be understood from a judgement which, in one of his essays, he passes on the author of an unsuccessful political biography, namely that he "did not look *closely and for himself* at real political life". 20 Bagehot was not infallible. But he *did* practise his own precepts; he *did* look *closely and for himself* at real political life. Hence his ceaseless endeavours to discover how public business was in fact transacted, as distinguished from the way in which its transaction was officially described; hence the contempt with 25 which this master of political writing regarded what he called the "literary" view of constitutional procedure.']

THERE is a great difficulty in the way of a writer who

attempts to sketch a living Constitution—a Constitution that is in actual work and power. The difficulty is that the object is in constant change. An historical writer does not feel this difficulty: he deals only with
5 the past; he can say definitely, the Constitution worked in such and such a manner in the year at which he begins, and in a manner in such and such respects different in the year at which he ends; he begins with a definite point of time and ends with one also. But a
10 contemporary writer who tries to paint what is before him is puzzled and perplexed; what he sees is changing daily. He must paint it as it stood at some one time, or else he will be putting side by side in his representations things which never were contemporane-
15 ous in reality. The difficulty is the greater because a writer who deals with a living government naturally compares it with the most important other living governments, and these are changing too; what he illustrates are altered in one way, and his sources of
20 illustration are altered probably in a different way. This difficulty has been constantly in my way in preparing a second edition of this book. It describes the English Constitution as it stood in the years 1865 and 1866. Roughly speaking, it describes its working as
25 it was in the time of Lord Palmerston; and since that time there have been many changes, some of spirit and some of detail. In so short a period there have rarely been more changes. If I had given a sketch of the Palmerston time as a sketch of the present time, it
30 would have been in many points untrue; and if I had tried to change the sketch of seven years since into a sketch of the present time, I should probably have

blurred the picture and have given something equally unlike both.

The best plan in such a case is, I think, to keep the original sketch in all essentials as it was at first written, and to describe shortly such changes either 5 in the Constitution itself, or in the Constitutions compared with it, as seem material. There are in this book various expressions which allude to persons who were living and to events which were happening when it first appeared; and I have carefully preserved these. 10 They will serve to warn the reader what time he is reading about, and to prevent his mistaking the date at which the likeness was attempted to be taken. I proceed to speak of the changes which have taken place either in the Constitution itself or in the competing 15 institutions which illustrate it.

It is too soon as yet to attempt to estimate the effect of the Reform Act of 1867. The people enfranchised under it do not yet know their own power: a single election, so far from teaching us how they will use 20 that power, has not been even enough to explain to them that they have such power. The Reform Act of 1832 did not for many years disclose its real consequences; a writer in 1836, whether he approved or disapproved of them, whether he thought too little of or 25 whether he exaggerated them, would have been sure to be mistaken in them. A new Constitution does not produce its full effect as long as all its subjects were reared under an old Constitution, as long as its statesmen were trained by that old Constitution. It is not 30 really tested till it comes to be worked by statesmen

and among a people neither of whom are guided by a different experience.

In one respect we are indeed particularly likely to be mistaken as to the effect of the last Reform Bill. 5 Undeniably there has lately been a great change in our politics. It is commonly said that 'there is not a brick of the Palmerston House standing'. The change since 1865 is a change not in one point but in a thousand points; it is a change not of particular details but of 10 pervading spirit. We are now quarrelling as to the minor details of an Education Act; in Lord Palmerston's time no such Act could have passed. In Lord Palmerston's time Sir George Grey said that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would be an 'act of 15 Revolution': it has now been disestablished by great majorities, with Sir George Grey himself assenting. A new world has arisen which is not as the old world; and we naturally ascribe the change to the Reform Act. But this is a complete mistake. If there had 20 been no Reform Act at all there would, nevertheless, have been a great change in English politics. There has been a change of the sort which, above all, generates other changes—a change of generation. Generally one generation in politics succeeds another 25 almost silently; at every moment men of all ages between thirty and seventy have considerable influence; each year removes many old men, makes all others older, brings in many new. The transition is so gradual that we hardly perceive it. The board of 30 directors of the political company has a few slight changes every year, and therefore the shareholders are conscious of no abrupt change. But sometimes

there is an abrupt change. It occasionally happens that several ruling directors who are about the same age live on for many years, manage the company all through those years, and then go off the scene almost together. In that case the affairs of the company are apt to alter much, for good or for evil: sometimes it becomes more successful, sometimes it is ruined, but it hardly ever stays as it was. Something like this happened before 1865. All through the period between 1832 and 1865, the pre-32 statesmen—if I may so call them—Lord Derby, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston retained great power. Lord Palmerston to the last retained great prohibitive power. Though in some ways always young, he had not a particle of sympathy with the younger generation; he brought forward no young men; he obstructed all that young men wished. In consequence, at his death a new generation all at once started into life: the pre-32 all at once died out. Most of the new politicians were men who might well have been Lord Palmerston's grandchildren. He came into Parliament in 1806, they entered it after 1856. Such an enormous change in the age of the workers necessarily caused a great change in the kind of work attempted and the way in which it was done. What we call the 'spirit' of politics is more surely changed by a change of generation in the men than by any other change whatever. Even if there had been no Reform Act, this single cause would have effected grave alterations.

The mere settlement of the Reform question made a great change too. If it could have been settled by any other change, or even without any change, the

instant effect of the settlement would still have been immense. New questions would have appeared at once. A political country is like an American forest : you have only to cut down the old trees, and immediately new trees come up to replace them ; the seeds were waiting in the ground, and they began to grow as soon as the withdrawal of the old ones brought in light and air. These new questions of themselves would have made a new atmosphere, new parties, new debates.

Of course I am not arguing that so important an innovation as the Reform Act of 1867 will not have very great effects. It must, in all likelihood, have many great ones. I am only saying that as yet we do not know what those effects are ; that the great evident change since 1865 is certainly not strictly due to it ; probably is not even in a principal measure due to it ; that we have still to conjecture what it will cause and what it will not cause.

The principal question arises most naturally from a main doctrine of these essays. I have said that cabinet government is possible in England because England was a deferential country. I meant that the nominal constituency was not the real constituency ; that the mass of the 'ten-pound' householders did not really form their own opinions, and did not exact of their representatives an obedience to those opinions ; that they were in fact guided in their judgement by the better educated classes ; that they preferred representatives from those classes, and gave those representatives much licence. If a hundred small shopkeepers had by miracle been added to any of the '32 Parliaments,

they would have felt outcasts there. Nothing could be more unlike those Parliaments than the average mass of the constituency from which it was chosen.

I do not of course mean that the ten-pound house- 5 holders were great admirers of intellect or good judges of refinement. We all know that, for the most part, they were not so at all: very few Englishmen are. They were not influenced by ideas, but by facts; not by things palpable, but by things impalpable. Not to 10 put too fine a point upon it, they were influenced by rank and wealth. No doubt the better sort of them believed that those who were superior to them in these indisputable respects were superior also in the more intangible qualities of sense and knowledge. But the 15 mass of the old electors did not analyse very much: they liked to have one of their 'betters' to represent them; if he was rich, they respected him much; and if he was a lord, they liked him the better. The issue put before these electors was which of two rich people 20 will you choose? And each of those rich people was put forward by great parties whose notions were the notions of the rich—whose plans were their plans. The electors only selected one or two wealthy men to carry out the schemes of one or two wealthy associa- 25 tions.

So fully was this so, that the class to whom the great body of the ten-pound householders belonged—the lower middle class—was above all classes the one most hardly treated in the imposition of the taxes. A small 30 shopkeeper or a clerk who just, and only just, was rich enough to pay income-tax, was perhaps the only

severely-taxed man in the country. He paid the rates, the tea, sugar, tobacco, malt, and spirit taxes, as well as the income-tax, but his means were exceedingly small. Curiously enough the class which in theory
5 was omnipotent was the only class financially ill-treated. Throughout the history of our former Parliaments the constituency could no more have originated the policy which those Parliaments selected than they could have made the solar system.

10 As I have endeavoured to show in this volume, the deference of the old electors to their betters was the only way in which our old system could be maintained. No doubt countries can be imagined in which the mass of the electors would be thoroughly competent to form
15 good opinions; approximations to that state happily exist. But such was not the state of the minor English shopkeepers. They were just competent to make a selection between two sets of superior ideas; or rather—for the conceptions of such people are more
20 personal than abstract—between two opposing parties, each professing a creed of such ideas. But they could do no more. Their own notions, if they had been cross-examined upon them, would have been found always most confused and often most foolish. They
25 were competent to decide an issue selected by the higher classes, but they were incompetent to do more.

The grave question now is, How far will this peculiar old system continue and how far will it be altered? I am afraid I must put aside at once the idea that it will
30 be altered entirely and altered for the better. I cannot expect that the new class of voters will be at all more able to form sound opinions on complex questions

than the old voters. There was indeed an idea—a very prevalent idea when the first edition of this book was published—that there then was an unrepresented class of skilled artisans who could form superior opinions on national matters, and ought to have the 5 means of expressing them. We used to frame elaborate schemes to give them such means. But the Reform Act of 1867 did not stop at skilled labour; it enfranchised unskilled labour too. And no one will contend that the ordinary working-man who has no 10 special skill, and who is only rated because he has a house, can judge much of intellectual matters. The messenger in an office is not more intelligent than the clerks, not better educated but worse: and yet the messenger is probably a very superior specimen of 15 the newly enfranchised classes. The average can only earn very scanty wages by coarse labour. They have no time to improve themselves, for they are labouring the whole day through; and their early education was so small that in most cases it is dubious whether, even 20 if they had much time, they could use it to good purpose. We have not enfranchised a class less needing to be guided by their betters than the old class; on the contrary, the new class need it more than the old. The real question is, Will they submit to it, will 25 they defer in the same way to wealth and rank, and to the higher qualities of which these are the rough symbols and the common accompaniments?

There is a peculiar difficulty in answering this question. Generally, the debates upon the passing of 30 an Act contain much valuable instruction as to what may be expected of it. But the debates on the Reform

Act of 1867 hardly tell anything. They are taken up with technicalities as to the ratepayers and the compound householder. Nobody in the country knew what was being done. I happened at the time to visit
5 a purely agricultural and conservative country, and I asked the local Tories, 'Do you understand this Reform Bill? Do you know that your Conservative Government has brought in a Bill far more Radical than any former Bill, and that it is very likely to be passed?'

10 The answer I got was, 'What stuff you talk! How can it be a Radical Reform Bill? Why *Bright* opposes it!' There was no answering that in a way which a 'common jury' could understand. The Bill was supported by *The Times* and opposed by Mr. Bright;
15 and therefore the mass of the Conservatives and of common moderate people, without distinction of party, had no conception of the effect. They said it was 'London nonsense' if you tried to explain it to them. The nation indeed generally looks to the discussions in
20 Parliament to enlighten it as to the effect of Bills. But in this case neither party, as a party, could speak out. Many, perhaps most of the intelligent Conservatives, were fearful of the consequences of the proposal; but as it was made by the heads of their own party, they
25 did not like to oppose it, and the discipline of party carried them with it. On the other side, many, probably most of the intelligent Liberals, were in consternation at the Bill; they had been in the habit for years of proposing Reform Bills; they knew the points
30 of difference between each Bill, and perceived that this was by far the most sweeping which had ever been proposed by any Ministry. But they were almost all

unwilling to say so. They would have offended a large section in their constituencies if they had resisted a Tory Bill because it was too democratic; the extreme partisans of democracy would have said, 'The enemies of the people have confidence enough in the people to 5 entrust them with this power, but you, a "Liberal", and a professed friend of the people, have not that confidence; if that is so, we will never vote for you again.' Many Radical members who had been asking for years for household suffrage were much more 10 surprised than pleased at the near chance of obtaining it; they had asked for it as bargainers ask for the highest possible price, but they never expected to get it. Altogether the Liberals, or at least the extreme Liberals, were much like a man who has been pushing 15 hard against an opposing door till, on a sudden, the door opens, the resistance ceases, and he is thrown violently forward. Persons in such an unpleasant predicament can scarcely criticize effectually, and certainly the Liberals did not so criticize. We have 20 had no such previous discussions as should guide our expectations from the Reform Bill, nor such as under ordinary circumstances we should have had.

Nor does the experience of the last election much help us. The circumstances were too exceptional. In 25 the first place, Mr. Gladstone's personal popularity was such as has not been seen since the time of Mr. Pitt, and such as may never be seen again. Certainly it will very rarely be seen. A bad speaker is said to have been asked how he got on as a candidate. 'Oh,' he 30 answered, 'when I do not know what to say, I say "Gladstone"', and then they are sure to cheer, and I

have time to think.' In fact, that popularity acted as a guide both to constituencies and to members. The candidates only said they would vote with Mr. Gladstone, and the constituencies only chose those
5 who said so. Even the minority could only be described as anti-Gladstone, just as the majority could only be described as pro-Gladstone. The remains, too, of the old electoral organization were exceedingly powerful; the old voters voted as they had been told, and
10 the new voters mostly voted with them. In extremely few cases was there any new and contrary organization. At the last election the trial of the new system hardly began, and, as far as it did begin, it was favoured by a peculiar guidance.

15 In the meantime our statesmen have the greatest opportunities they have had for many years, and likewise the greatest duty. They have to guide the new voters in the exercise of the franchise; to guide them quietly, and without saying what they are doing, but
20 still to guide them. The leading statesmen in a free country have great momentary power. They settle the conversation of mankind. It is they who, by a great speech or two, determine what shall be said and what shall be written for long after. They, in con-
25 junction with their counsellors, settle the programme of their party—the 'platform', as the Americans call it, on which they and those associated with them are to take their stand for the political campaign. It is by that programme, by a comparison of the programmes
30 of different statesmen, that the world forms its judgement. The common ordinary mind is quite unfit to fix for itself what political question it shall attend to;

it is as much as it can do to judge decently of the questions which drift down to it, and are brought before it; it almost never settles its topics; it can only decide upon the issues of those topics. And in settling what these questions shall be, statesmen have now 5 especially a great responsibility. If they raise questions which will excite the lower orders of mankind; if they raise questions on which those orders are likely to be wrong; if they raise questions on which the interest of those orders is not identical with, or is 10 antagonistic to, the whole interest of the state, they will have done the greatest harm they can do. The future of this country depends on the happy working of a delicate experiment, and they will have done all they could to vitiate that experiment. Just when it 15 is desirable that ignorant men, new to politics, should have good issues, and only good issues, put before them, these statesmen will have suggested bad issues. They will have suggested topics which will bind the poor as a class together; topics which will excite them 20 against the rich; topics the discussion of which in the only form in which that discussion reaches their ear will be to make them think that some new law can make them comfortable—that it is the present law which makes them uncomfortable—that Government 25 has at its disposal an inexhaustible fund out of which it can give to those who now want without also creating elsewhere other and greater wants. If the first work of the poor voters is to try to create a 'poor man's paradise', as poor men are apt to fancy that Paradise, 30 and as they are apt to think they can create it, the great political trial now beginning will simply fail.

The wide gift of the elective franchise will be a great calamity to the whole nation, and to those who gain it as great a calamity as to any.

I do not of course mean that statesmen can choose
5 with absolute freedom what topics they will deal with, and what they will not. I am, of course, aware that they choose under stringent conditions. In excited states of the public mind they have scarcely a discretion at all; the tendency of the public perturbation
10 determines what shall and what shall not be dealt with. But, upon the other hand, in quiet times statesmen have great power; when there is no fire lighted they can settle what fire shall be lit. And as the new suffrage is happily to be tried in a quiet time, the
15 responsibility of our statesmen is great because their power is great too.

And the mode in which the questions dealt with are discussed is almost as important as the selection of these questions. It is for our principal statesmen to
20 lead the public, and not to let the public lead them. No doubt when statesmen live by public favour, as ours do, this is a hard saying, and it requires to be carefully limited. I do not mean that our statesmen should assume a pedantic and *doctrinaire* tone with
25 the English people; if there is anything which English people thoroughly detest, it is that tone exactly. And they are right in detesting it; if a man cannot give guidance and communicate instruction formally without telling his audience 'I am better than you; I have
30 studied this as you have not', then he is not fit for a guide or an instructor. A statesman who should show that *gaucherie* would exhibit a defect of imagination,

and expose an incapacity for dealing with men which would be a great hindrance to him in his calling. But much argument is not required to guide the public, still less a formal exposition of that argument. What is mostly needed is the manly utterance of clear conclusions; if a statesman gives these in a felicitous way (and if with a few light and humorous illustrations, so much the better), he has done his part. He will have given the text, the scribes in the newspapers will write the sermon. A statesman ought to show his own nature, and talk in a palpable way what is to him important truth. And so he will both guide and benefit the nation. But if, especially at a time when great ignorance has an unusual power in public affairs, he chooses to accept and reiterate the decisions of that ignorance, he is only the hireling of the nation, and does little save hurt it.

I shall be told that this is very obvious, and that everybody knows that 2 and 2 make 4, and that there is no use in inculcating it. But I answer that the lesson is not observed in fact; people do not do their political sums so. Of all our political dangers, the greatest I conceive is that they will neglect the lesson. In plain English, what I fear is that both our political parties will bid for the support of the working-man; that both of them will promise to do as he likes if he will only tell them what it is; that, as he now holds the casting-vote in our affairs, both parties will beg and pray him to give that vote to them. I can conceive of nothing more corrupting or worse for a set of poor ignorant people than that two combinations of well-taught and rich men should constantly offer to

defer to their decision, and compete for the office of executing it. *Vox populi* will be *Vox diaboli* if it is worked in that manner.

And, on the other hand, my imagination conjures up a contrary danger. I can conceive that questions *being* raised which, if continually agitated, would combine the working-men as a class together, the higher orders might have to consider whether they would concede the measure that would settle such questions, or whether they would risk the effect of the working-men's combination.

No doubt the question cannot be easily discussed in the abstract; much must depend on the nature of the measures in each particular case; on the evil they would cause if conceded; on the attractiveness of their idea to the working-classes if refused. But in all cases it must be remembered that a political combination of the lower classes, as such and for their own objects, is an evil of the first magnitude; that a permanent combination of them would make them (now that so many of them have the suffrage) supreme in the country; and that their supremacy, in the state they now are, means the supremacy of ignorance over instruction and of numbers over knowledge. So long as they are not taught to act together, there is a chance of this being averted, and it can only be averted by the greatest wisdom and the greatest foresight in the higher classes. They must avoid, not only every evil, but every appearance of evil; while they have still the power they must remove, not only every actual grievance, but, where it is possible, every seeming grievance too; they must willingly concede every claim

which they can safely concede, in order that they may not have to concede unwillingly some claim which would impair the safety of the country.

This advice, too, will be said to be obvious; but I have the greatest fear that, when the time comes it 5 will be cast aside as timid and cowardly. So strong are the combative propensities of man, that he would rather fight a losing battle than not fight at all. It is most difficult to persuade people that by fighting they may strengthen the enemy, yet that would be so 10 here; since a losing battle—especially a long and well-fought one—would have thoroughly taught the lower orders to combine, and would have left the higher orders face to face with an irritated, organized, and superior voting power. The courage which strengthens 15 an enemy, and which so loses, not only the present battle, but many after battles, is a heavy curse to men and nations.

PART II : AN INTERLUDE

VI

MARKHEIM

BY R. L. STEVENSON

[IN this story Stevenson sets himself the task of presenting to us the mental experiences of a man who had just committed murder. He sets himself to imagine what a man of that type and in that situation would feel and then to persuade his readers to believe what he imagined. The nervous agitation of the 5 murderer's manner before the act is admirably pictured. But would he have thought as Stevenson tells us he did and would these thoughts have come in that order? Could this hallucination of the visit of his guardian angel have come so quickly and on the scene of the murder? Does Stevenson make us believe it 10 all possible? We admire the strange atmosphere of the opening, the nervous sense that something dreadful is going to happen. We admire the quiet story of the murder; its telling brevity. We admire the description which follows both of what passes in his mind and of what he sees. We admire the contrast of moods 15 in the last dialogue; the serene quietness of the visitant and the staccato nervousness of Markheim until the strength of his visitor passes into him and he does the right thing at last. But has the incorrigible moralist in Stevenson led him into an artistic improbability in this ending?]

20

‘YES,’ said the dealer, ‘our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest,’ and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, ‘and in that case,’ he 25 continued, ‘I profit by my virtue.’

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight

streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

5 The dealer chuckled. 'You come to me on Christmas Day,' he resumed, 'when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time,
10 when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you today very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for
15 it.' The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, 'You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?' he continued. 'Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable
20 collector, sir!'

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tip-toe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of
25 infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

'This time,' said he, 'you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock
30 Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand today is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady,' he continued,

waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; 'and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well 5 know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected.'

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near 10 thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

'Well, sir,' said the dealer, 'be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now,' he 15 went on, 'this hand glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector.' 20

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stopped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. 25 It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

'A glass,' he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. 'A glass? For Christmas? 30 Surely not?'

'And why not?' cried the dealer. 'Why not a glass?'

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. 'You ask me why not?' he said. 'Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man.'

5 The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. 'Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favoured,' said he.

10 'I ask you,' said Markheim, 'for a Christmas present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come,
15 tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?'

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle
20 of hope, but nothing of mirth.

'What are you driving at?' the dealer asked.

'Not charitable?' returned the other gloomily.

'Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it.
25 Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?'

'I will tell you what it is,' began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. 'But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health.'

30 'Ah!' cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity.

'Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that.'

'I,' cried the dealer. 'I in love! I never had the

time, nor have I the time today for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?’

‘Where is the hurry?’ returned Markheim. ‘It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff’s edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other: why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?’

‘I have just one word to say to you,’ said the dealer. ‘Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop!’

‘True, true,’ said Markheim. ‘Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else.’

The dealer stopped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

‘This, perhaps, may suit,’ observed the dealer: and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen,

striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry

that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. 'Time was that when the brains were out,' he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished— 5 time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, 10 another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir 15 himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home design, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an 20 army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still, as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his 25 design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the 30 servant also; he should have done all things otherwise: poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the

mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in
5 a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black
10 coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumour of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their
15 curiosity; and now in all the neighbouring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy
20 family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humour, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he
25 could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place
30 appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop,

and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. 5 One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbour hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the 10 brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweet-hearting, in her poor best, 'out for the day' written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was 15 alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; 20 and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, re-inspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at 25 the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that 30 strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and raileries in which the dealer was continually called upon
5 by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice
10 above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighbourhood, to plunge into a bath of London multi-
15 tudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done
20 the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door,
25 where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay
30 scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more

significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, 5 and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair-day in a fishers' village: a grey day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of 10 brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with 15 pictures, dismally designed, garishly coloured: Brown-rigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little 20 boy, he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over 25 him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize 30 the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of

sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, 5 arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who 10 had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these 15 considerations, he found the keys and advanced towards the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted 20 by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpit- 25 ated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armour posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on 30 the dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the

house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared 5 to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving 10 in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, now tranquilly he would possess 15 his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their 20 orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half-rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of 25 them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. 30 And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers

said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. 5 He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the 10 defeated tyrant overthrew the chess-board, should break the mould of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become trans- 15 parent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall 20 and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But 25 about God Himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and 30 shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and

incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old 5 bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbours. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began 10 to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he 15 saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defences. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, 20 the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the 25 keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and 30 then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays,

and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

5 And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand
10 was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance
15 witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it,
20 his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

‘Did you call me?’ he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

25 Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the new-comer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him and
30 at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in

his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added; 'You are looking for 5 the money, I believe?' it was in the tones of every-day politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

'I should warn you,' resumed the other, 'that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and 10 will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences.'

'You know me?' cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. 'You have long been a favourite of mine,' he said; 'and I have long observed and 15 often sought to help you.'

'What are you?' cried Markheim: 'the devil?'

'What I may be,' returned the other, 'cannot affect the service I propose to render you.'

'It can,' cried Markheim; 'it does! Be helped by 20 you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!'

'I know you,' replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. 'I know you to the soul.'

25

'Know me!' cried Markheim. 'Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like 30 one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their

faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose
5 myself.'

'To me?' inquired the visitant.

'To you before all,' returned the murderer. 'I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And
10 yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my
15 acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any wilful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely
20 must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?'

'All this is very feelingly expressed,' was the reply, 'but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away,
25 so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding towards you through
30 the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?'

'For what price?' asked Markheim.

‘I offer you the service for a Christmas gift,’ returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was 5 your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil.’

‘I have no objection to a deathbed repentance,’ observed the visitant. 10

‘Because you disbelieve their efficacy!’ Markheim cried.

‘I do not say so,’ returned the other; ‘but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to 15 serve me, to spread black looks under colour of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat-field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to 20 build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night 25 begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of 30 sincere mourners, listening to the man’s last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set

as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope.'

'And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?' asked Markheim. 'Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, 5 at the last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of 10 good?'

'Murder is to me no special category,' replied the other. 'All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding 15 on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human 20 gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man 25 is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, 30 that I offer to forward your escape.'

'I will lay my heart open to you,' answered Markheim. 'This crime on which you find me is my last.

On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bond-slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; 5 mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But today, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the 10 agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my 15 mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination.'

'You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?' remarked the visitor; 'and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?' 20

'Ah,' said Markheim, 'but this time I have a sure thing.'

'This time, again, you will lose,' replied the visitor quietly.

'Ah, but I keep back the half!' cried Markheim. 25

'That also you will lose,' said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. 'Well, then, what matter?' he exclaimed. 'Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to 30 override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, hailing me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I

love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? 5 I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; 10 good, also, is a spring of acts.'

But the visitant raised his finger. 'For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world,' said he, 'through many changes of fortune and varieties of humour, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen 15 years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness from which you still recoil?—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, 20 downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you.'

'It is true,' Markheim said huskily, 'I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less 25 dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings.'

'I will propound to you one simple question,' said the other; 'and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any 30 account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling,

more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein ?'

'In any one ?' repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. 'No,' he added, with despair, 'in none ! I have gone down in all.' 5

'Then,' said the visitor, 'content yourself with what you are, for you will never change ; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down.'

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. That 10 being so,' he said, 'shall I show you the money ?'

'And grace ?' cried Markheim.

'Have you not tried it ?' returned the other. 'Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest 15 in the hymn ?'

'It is true,' said Markheim ; 'and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul ; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am.' 20

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house ; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanour.

'The maid !' he cried. 'She has returned, as I fore- 25 warned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say is ill ; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success ! Once the girl within, and the door 30 closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your

path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. 5 Up!’ he cried; ‘up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales: up, and act!’

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. ‘If I be condemned to evil acts,’ he said, ‘there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life 10 be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my 15 hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage.’

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and 20 softened with a tender triumph, and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before 25 him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the farther side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into 30 the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing.

And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamour.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

'You had better go for the police,' said he: 'I have killed your master.'

VII

THE GOLD FISH

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

[MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is another Scottish master of the short story. More widely travelled even than Stevenson, he is more ready to go abroad for his settings and while the best of his tales, like Stevenson's, are made from characters and settings
5 in his native land, he has a very vivid power to make the strange, far places of the earth real. He is indeed, with Mr. Douglas, one of the two living Scotsmen who write English with a touch of genius. For nearly forty years his work has been the delight of that small circle of readers who delight in strange
10 personalities revealed in exquisite prose. W. H. Hudson called him 'the most singular of (living) English writers'.

He has pre-eminently these two invaluable gifts for the short story writer ; the power to make a place real in a few words and the power to make a character actual in a few phrases.
15 But his characters are as external as his landscapes. Mr. Edward Garnett says: 'He paints men and their manners and environment to the life, and he has a special sense for landscape ; but he does not individualize his types and we see them rather through his own eyes than through their fellows'. He is in fact
20 less of a story-teller than a critical observer and commentator.' That is true of this story. He gives us here the atmosphere and colour of the country and we see the messenger and admire his heroism as we watch him. We never for a moment see his mind as we do that of the man in Stevenson's story. The
25 dignity of blind obedience is celebrated here and the achievement of death in the traditions of a strange calling. Mr. Cunninghamham Graham is a cosmopolitan. In his youth he earned his living on cattle ranches in South America. Later he entered

Parliament and then settled down to the life of a Scottish land-owner, diversifying that with much wandering in Morocco where he has become intimately acquainted with the country and Arab ways of life.]

OUTSIDE the little straw-thatched café in a small 5 courtyard trellised with vines, before a miniature table painted in red and blue, and upon which stood a dome-shaped pewter teapot and a painted glass half filled with mint, sat Amarabat, resting and smoking hemp. He was of those whom Allah in his mercy (or because 10 man in the Blad-Allah has made no railways) has ordained to run. Set upon the road, his shoes pulled up, his waistband tightened, in his hand a staff, a palm-leaf wallet at his back, and in it bread, some hemp, a match or two (known to him as *el spiritus*), 15 and a letter to take anywhere, crossing the plains, fording the streams, struggling along the mountain-paths, sleeping but fitfully, a burning rope steeped in saltpetre fastened to his foot, he trotted day and night—untiring as a camel, faithful as a dog. In Rabat as 20 he sat dozing, watching the greenish smoke curl upwards from his hemp pipe, word came to him from the Khalifa of the town. So Amarabat rose, paid for his tea with half a handful of defaced and greasy copper coins, and took his way towards the white palace with 25 the crenelated walls, which on the cliff, hanging above the roaring tide-rip, just inside the bar of the great river, looks at Salee. Around the horseshoe archway of the gate stood soldiers, wild, fierce-eyed, armed to the teeth, descendants, most of them, of the famed 30 warriors whom Sultan Muley Ismail (may God have pardoned him!) bred for his service, after the fashion

of the Carlylean hero Frederic; and Amarabat walked through them, not aggressively, but with the staring eyes of a confirmed hemp-smoker, with the long stride of one who knows that he is born to run, and the
5 assurance of a man who waits upon his lord. Some time he waited whilst the Khalifa dispensed what he thought justice, chattered with Jewish pedlars for cheap European goods, gossiped with friends, looked at the antics of a dwarf, or priced a Georgian or
10 Circassian girl brought with more care than glass by some rich merchant from the East. At last Amarabat stood in the presence, and the Khalifa, sitting upon a pile of cushions playing with a Waterbury watch, a pistol and a Koran by his side, addressed him thus:
15 'Amarabat, son of Bjorma, my purpose is to send thee to Tafilet, where our liege lord the Sultan lies with his camp. Look upon this glass bowl made by the Kaffir, but clear as is the crystal of the rock; see how the light falls on the water, and the shifting
20 colours that it makes, as when the Bride of the Rain stands in the heavens, after a shower in spring. Inside are seven gold fish, each scale as bright as letters in an Indian book. The Christian from whom I bought them said originally they came from the Far East
25 where the Djin-descended Jawi live, the little yellow people of the faith. That may be, but such as they are, they are a gift for kings. Therefore, take thou the bowl. Take it with care, and bear it as it were thy life. Stay not, but in an hour start from the town.
30 Delay not on the road, be careful of the fish, change not their water at the muddy pool where tortoises bask in the sunshine, but at running brooks; talk not

to friends, look not upon the face of woman by the way, although she were as a gazelle, or as the maiden who when she walked through the fields the sheep stopped feeding to admire. Stop not, but run through day and night, pass through the Atlas at the Glaui; 5 beware of frost, cover the bowl with thine own haik; upon the other side shield me the bowl from the Saharan sun, and drink not of the water if thou pass a day athirst when toiling through the sand. Break not the bowl, and see the fish arrive in Tafilet, and 10 then present them, with this letter, to our lord. Allah be with you, and his Prophet; go, and above all things see thou breakest not the bowl.' And Amarabat, after the manner of his kind, taking the bowl of gold fish, placed one hand upon his heart and said: 'Inshallah, 15 it shall be as thou hast said. God gives the feet and lungs. He also gives the luck upon the road.'

So he passed out under the horseshoe arch, holding the bowl almost at arm's length so as not to touch his legs, and with the palmetto string by which he carried 20 it, bound round with rags. The soldiers looked at him, but spoke not, and their eyes seemed to see far away, and to pass over all in the middle distance, though no doubt they marked the smallest detail of his gait and dress. He passed between the horses of the guard all 25 standing nodding under the fierce sun, the reins tied to the cantles of their high red saddles, a boy in charge of every two or three: he passed beside the camels resting by the well, the donkeys standing dejected by the firewood they had brought: passed women, veiled 30 white figures going to the baths; and passing underneath the lofty gateway of the town, exchanged a

greeting with the half-mad, half-religious beggar just outside the walls, and then emerged upon the sandy road, between the aloe hedges, which skirts along the sea. So as he walked, little by little he fell into his
5 stride; then got his second wind, and smoking now and then a pipe of hemp, began, as Arabs say, to eat the miles, his eyes fixed on the horizon, his stick stuck down between his shirt and back, the knob protruding over the left shoulder like the hilt of a two-handed
10 sword. And still he held the precious bowl from Franquestan in which the golden fish swam to and fro, diving and circling in the sunlight, or flapped their tails to steady themselves as the water danced with the motion of his steps. Never before in his experience
15 had he been charged with such a mission, never before been sent to stand before Allah's vicegerent upon earth. But still the strangeness of his business was gold, the water to be changed only at running streams, what preoccupied him most. The fish like molten
20 the fish to be preserved from frost and sun; and then the bowl: had not the Khalifa said at the last, 'Beware, break not the bowl?' So it appeared to him the bowl, for who sends common fish on such a journey that most undoubtedly a charm was in the fish and in
25 through the land? Then he resolved at any hazard to bring them safe and keep the bowl intact, and trotting onward, smoked his hemp, and wondered why he of all men should have had the luck to bear the precious gift. He knew he kept his law, at least as far as a
30 poor man can keep it, prayed when he thought of prayer, or was assailed by terror in the night alone upon the plains; fasted in Ramadhan, although most of

his life was one continual fast; drank of the shameful but seldom, and on the sly, so as to give offence to no believer, and seldom looked upon the face of the strange women, Daughters of the Illegitimate, whom Sidna Mohammed himself has said, avoid. But all 5 these things he knew were done by many of the faithful, and so he did not set himself up as of exceeding virtue, but rather left the praise to God, who helped his slave with strength to keep his law. Then left off thinking, judging the matter was ordained, and 10 trotted, trotted over the burning plains, the gold fish dancing in the water as the miles melted and passed away.

Duar and Kasbah, castles of the Caid, Arabs' black tents, suddra zaribas, camels grazing—antediluvian in 15 appearance—on the little hills, the muddy streams edged all along the banks with oleanders, the solitary horsemen holding their long and brass-hooped guns like spears, the white-robed noiseless-footed travellers on the roads, the chattering storks upon the village 20 mosques, the cow-birds sitting on the cattle in the fields—he saw, but marked not, as he trotted on. Day faded into night, no twilight intervening, and the stars shone out, Soheil and Rigel with Betelgeuse and Aldebaran, and the three bright lamps which the 25 cursed Christians know as the Three Maries—called, he supposed, after the mother of their Prophet; and still he trotted on. Then by the side of a lone palm-tree springing up from a cleft in a tall rock, an island on the plain, he stopped to pray; and sleeping, slept 30 but fitfully, the strangeness of the business making him wonder; and he who cavils over matters in the night

can never rest, for thus the jackal and the hyena pass their nights talking and reasoning about the thoughts which fill their minds when men lie with their faces covered in their haiks, and after prayer sleep. Rising
5 after an hour or two and going to the nearest stream, he changed the water of his fish, leaving a little in the bottom of the bowl, and dipping with his brass drinking-cup into the stream for fear of accidents. He passed the Kasbah of el Daudi, passed the land of the
10 Rahamna, accursed folk always in 'siba', saw the great snowy wall of Atlas rise, skirted Marakesh, the Kutubieh, rising first from the plain and sinking last from sight as he approached the mountains and left the great white city sleeping in the plain.

15 Little by little the country altered as he ran: cool streams for muddy rivers, groves of almond-trees, ashes and elms, with grape-vines binding them together as the liana binds the canela and the urunday in the dark forests of Brazil and Paraguay. At midday, when the
20 sun was at its height, when locusts, whirring through the air, sank in the dust as flying-fish sink in the waves, when palm-trees seem to nod their heads, and lizards are abroad drinking the heat and basking in the rays, when the dry air shimmers, and sparks appear to dance
25 before the traveller's eye, and a thin, reddish dust lies on the leaves, on clothes of men, and upon every hair of horses' coats, he reached a spring. A river springing from a rock, or issuing after running underground, had formed a little pond. Around the edge grew
0 bulrushes, great catmace, water-soldiers, tall arums and metallic-looking sedge-grass, which gave an air as of an outpost of the tropics lost in the desert sand.

Fish played beneath the rock where the stream issued, flitting to and fro, or hanging suspended for an instant in the clear stream, darted into the dark recesses of the sides; and in the middle of the pond enormous tortoises, horrid and antediluvian-looking, basked with 5 their backs awash or raised their heads to snap at flies, and all about them hung a dark and fetid slime.

A troop of thin brown Arab girls filled their tall amphorae whilst washing in the pond. Placing his bowl of fish upon a jutting rock, the messenger drew 10 near. 'Gazelles,' he said, 'will one of you give me fresh water for the Sultan's golden fish?' Laughing and giggling, the girls drew near, looked at the bowl, had never seen such fish. 'Allah is great; why do you not let them go in the pond and play a little with their 15 brothers?' And Amarabat with a shiver answered, 'Play, let them play! and if they come not back my life will answer for it.' Fear fell upon the girls, and one advancing, holding the skirt of her long shift between her teeth to veil her face, poured water from 20 her amphora upon the fish.

Then Amarabat, setting down his precious bowl, drew from his wallet a pomegranate and began to eat, and for a farthing buying a piece of bread from the women, was satisfied, and after smoking, slept, and 25 dreamed he was approaching Tafilet; he saw the palm-trees rising from the sand; the gardens; all the oasis stretching beyond his sight; at the edge the Sultan's The slow match blistering his foot, he woke to find camp, a town of canvas, with the horses, camels, and 30 the mules picketed, all in rows, and in the midst of the great 'duar' the Sultan's tent, like a great palace all

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of canvas, shining in the sun. All this he saw, and saw himself entering the camp, delivering up his fish, perhaps admitted to the sacred tent, or at least paid by a vizier, as one who has performed his duty well. 5 himself alone, the 'gazelles' departed, and the sun shining on the bowl, making the fish appear more magical, more wondrous, brighter, and more golden than before.

And so he took his way along the winding Atlas 10 paths, and slept at Demnats, then, entering the mountains, met long trains of travellers going to the south. hedges thick with blackberries and travellers' joy, he climbed through vineyards rich with black Atlas Passing through groves of chestnuts, walnut-trees, and 15 grapes, and passed the flat mud-built Berber villages nestling against the rocks. Eagles flew by and moufflons gazed at him from the peaks, and from the thickets of lentiscus and dwarf arbutus wild boars appeared, grunted, and slowly walked across the path, 20 and still he climbed, the icy wind from off the snow chilling him in his cotton shirt, for his warm Tadla haik was long ago wrapped round the bowl to shield the precious fish. Crossing the Wad Ghadat, the current to his chin, his bowl of fish held in one hand, 25 he struggled on. The Berber tribesmen at Tetsula and Zarkten, hard-featured, shaved but for a chin-tuft, and robed in their 'achnifs' with the curious eye woven in the skirt, saw he was a 'rekass', or thought the fish not worth their notice, so gave him a free road. Night 30 caught him at the stone-built, antediluvian-looking Kasbah of the Glaui, perched in the eye of the pass, with the small plain of Teluet two thousand feet below.

Off the high snow-peaks came a whistling wind, water froze solid in all the pots and pans, earthenware jars and bottles throughout the castle, save in the bowl which Amarabat, shivering and miserable, wrapped in his haik and held close to the embers, hearing the 5 muezzin at each call to prayers; praying himself to keep awake so that his fish might live. Dawn saw him on the trail, the bowl wrapped in a woollen rag, and the fish fed with bread-crumbs, but himself hungry and his head swimming with want of sleep, with smoking 10 'kief', and with the bitter wind which from El Tisi N'Glauï flagellates the road. Right through the valley of Teluet he still kept on, and day and night still trotting, trotting on, changing his bowl almost instinctively from hand to hand, a broad leaf floating on the 15 top to keep the water still, he left Agurzga, with its twin castles, Ghresat and Dads, behind. Then rapidly descending, in a day reached an oasis between Todghra and Ferkla, and rested at a village for the night. Sheltered by palm-trees and hedged round with 20 cactuses and aloes, either to keep out thieves or as a symbol of the thorniness of life, the village lay, looking back on the white Atlas gaunt and mysterious, and on the other side towards the brown Sahara, land of the palm-tree (Belad-el-Jerid), the refuge of the true 25 Ishmaelite; for in the desert, learning, good faith, and hospitality can still be found—at least, so Arabs say.

Orange and azofaifa trees, with almonds, sweet limes and walnuts, stood up against the waning light, outlined in the clear atmosphere almost so sharply 30 as to wound the eye. Around the well goats and sheep lay, whilst a girl led a camel round the Noria

track; women sat here and there and gossiped, with their tall earthenware jars stuck by the point into the ground, and waited for their turn, just as they did in the old times, so far removed from us, but
5 which in Arab life is but as yesterday, when Jacob cheated Esau, and the whole scheme of Arab life was photographed for us by the writers of the Penta-teuch. In fact, the selfsame scene which has been acted every evening for two thousand years through-
10 out North Africa, since the adventurous ancestors of the tribesmen of today left Hadrumut or Yemen, and upon which Allah looks down approvingly, as recognizing that the traditions of his first recorded life have been well kept. Next day he trotted through
15 the barren plain of Seddat, the Jibel Saghra making a black line on the horizon to the south. Here Berber tribes sweep in their razzias like hawks; but who would plunder a rekass carrying a bowl of fish? Crossing the dreary plain and dreaming of his entry
20 into Tafilet, which now was almost in his reach not two days distant, the sun beating on his head, the water almost boiling in the bowl, hungry and footsore, and in the state betwixt waking and sleep into which those who smoke hemp on journeys often get, he
25 branched away upon a trail leading towards the south. Between the oases of Todghra and Ferkla, nothing but stone and sand, black stones on yellow sand; sand, and yet more sand, and then again stretches of blackish rocks with a suddra bush or two, and
30 here and there a colocynth, bitter and beautiful as love or life, smiling up at the traveller from amongst the stones. Towards midday the path led towards

a sandy tract all overgrown with sandarac bushes and crossed by trails of jackals and hyenas, then it quite disappeared, and Amarabat waking from his dream saw he was lost. Like a good shepherd, his first thought was for his fish; for he imagined the 5 last few hours of sun had made them faint, and one of them looked heavy and swam sideways, and the rest kept rising to the surface in an uneasy way. Nor for a moment was Amarabat frightened, but looked about for some known landmark, and finding 10 none started to go back on his trail. But to his horror the wind which always sweeps across the Sahara had covered up his tracks, and on the stony paths which he had passed his feet had left no prints. Then Amarabat, the first moments of despair passed 15 by, took a long look at the horizon, tightened his belt, pulled up his slipper heels, covered his precious bowl with a corner of his robe, and started doggedly back upon the road he thought he traversed on the deceitful path. How long he trotted, what he 20 endured, whether the fish died first, or if he drank, or, faithful to the last, thirsting met death, no one can say. Most likely wandering in the waste of sand-hills and of suddra bushes he stumbled on, smoking his hashish while it lasted, turning to Mecca at the 25 time of prayer, and trotting on more feebly (for he was born to run), till he sat down beneath the sun-dried bushes where the Shinghiti on his Mehari found him dead beside the trail. Under a stunted sandarac tree, the head turned to the east, his body lay, 30 swollen and distorted by the pangs of thirst, the tongue protruding rough as a parrot's, and beside him

lay the seven golden fish, once bright and shining as the pure gold when the goldsmith pours it molten from his pot, but now turned black and bloated, stiff, dry, and dead. Life the mysterious, the mocking, the inscrutable, unseizable, the uncomprehended essence of nothing and of everything, had fled, both from the faithful messenger and from his fish. But the Khalifa's parting caution had been well obeyed, for by the tree, unbroken, the crystal bowl still glistened beautiful as gold, in the fierce rays of the Saharan sun.

VIII

THE RIGHT PLACE

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

[JOURNALIST, war correspondent, short story writer, essayist and novelist, C. E. Montague was one of the most skilful writers of his generation. He worked on *The Manchester Guardian* under the famous editor C. P. Scott, retiring when he was fifty-two on the plea that his work was becoming too easy for him 5 and he must find something different and difficult to do. At one time he was the finest dramatic critic in London. Later, he served under Sir Philip Gibbs as a war correspondent in France and there he found the material for that delicious book of stories, *Fiery Particles*. His *Rough Justice* is one of the better 10 war novels. *Disenchantment* and *The Right Place* (from which this passage is taken) are reflective, and may be offered as the true desideratum of compilers, who, lacking the opportunity of further reading, persistently inflict the jejune morality of Stevenson upon unhappy students. 15

In all his writings, Montague followed the obvious and difficult rule of using words in their exact meanings, a rule which, if he had not had it in him, would have been driven into him by C. P. Scott. His prose is always as full of life as eager talk, and like Hazlitt's, it is shot through with Shakespeare 20 quotations. It is otherwise normal and may be taken as a model.]

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.
Richard II., I. iii. 275.

I

THE quest of the right place is over, without a 25 mark left on the map to show that the right place

is there. It seemed for a time to be high on the Alps, and then down by a lake at their feet, or else beside the Adriatic sands, or under Picardy poplars, or among Tuscan or Umbrian walnuts and vines.

5 Thence it shifted its site to our own less illustrious rivers and hills, and then to one of the least richly storied of the roads that cross them, and so to the average house you see behind the roadside trees, and at last to the workaday streets of towns that incur,
10 with their plain faces, the censure of distinguished critics. Where, then, does rightness abide? How recognize it at sight, and make for it straight, shaking off from our boots the dust of places wrong or indifferent?

15 But another question comes first. What is a place—any place? Is it really that constant, precisely definable thing that our common uses of the word would seem to imply? Amid much that was vague in our sensations and unstable in our thoughts, space
20 and time used to appear to stand fast, as the fixed stars did in those times. They seemed, like these, to hold out for our reassurance or reproof a standard of unquestionable fact or of unalterable law. But of late Time himself has been losing some part of
25 his reputation for an inexorable precision and firmness. Science has shown us the same event—the passing of a comet, perhaps, or the bursting of a distant star—visible at one moment in its own neighbourhood and visible at a later minute, hour, or day
30 at some point more remote. Our minds are set toying with new fancies. Suppose that a creature having human sight and hearing, but of a power and fineness

immensely increased, could travel indefinitely far away from the earth, and travel faster than rays or vibrations of light travel through space. After going some millions of miles he would overtake waves that had been sent journeying into the void by yesterday's 5 physical occurrences upon the earth. He might look back and see a man still living who died, as we on earth would say, last night. As the traveller went further away, time would continue to run its course backwards: the rolled-up scroll of history would un- 10 roll itself again; the cheers that rose from London streets at the Restoration might presently come into hearing, and bonfires twinkle into sight again that were lit by Norman soldiers at Hastings the night after Harold was killed. In a sense Cæsar is still 15 being slain in the Capitol, and Hannibal struggling over the Alps, and Horatius defending the bridge, if indeed he ever did any such thing. Perhaps it may only be said that these things are past in so far as the person who says it happens to stand at one point 20 in the physical universe rather than another.

Space, with its seemingly concrete filling of solids and liquids and gases, soon loses a part of its fixity too. It stands or falls with time, for each can only be stated in terms of the other. If you or I were 25 God, and had the power of ubiquity that is commonly ascribed to God, we should be at the same time close to this earth and also at immense interstellar distances from it. The reach of our sight and hearing would not have limitations, as now. Thus 30 we should see with the same eye at the same moment the world's events of today and also those of all

past ages, as we call them, near and remote, all going on. The illusion of time would vanish. But something of space would go too. For in our sight a turfy down of chalk would still run from Dover across
5 to Boulogne; and a greater Rhine, with the Trent and the Ouse for tributary streams, would still be flowing northward through meadows which—as seen from less far off—we call the North Sea. And yet the North Sea would be visibly lying there too.
10 More subversive still, we should see, from our various, but simultaneous, posts of observation, the verdant earth of today and, filling the same position, a whirl of flaming gases twisted by their own movement into a fiery ball. Two unmistakably different things would
15 at the same moment be visibly occupying the same space. Poor old Time! Poor old Space!

All that most of us can know about any place, or portion of space, that we pass through is that it stirs in us some emotion or other, which we have no means
20 of comparing closely with any emotion that it may stir in any one else. The moment that we attempt to describe it, we offer something which may be descriptive of it, but is more certainly descriptive of ourselves. Hardy's Wessex is only a slightly indirect
25 portrait of Hardy; the Venice of Ruskin may not be found in the Adriatic by all, but in it all may see Ruskin drawn to the life. We are prone to talk as if some place, or some work of art, that is famous for its beauty were always the same thing, a certain fixed
30 treasure to which anybody can go at any time, and in any state of himself, and still find it there. But many things must have happened in the inside of

yourself before even the most celebrated of these
cynosures can make much difference to you—and you
are the only person for whom you can ever know for
certain how much the difference amounts to. A dim-
ness in your eyes or an ache in your stomach is only 5
one out of countless variations through which Taormina
or Vallombrosa passes according to the several bodily
and mental states and equipments of those who—
as we say in a rough, general way—‘see’ it. Say, if
you choose, that you collaborate with the place to 10
create its full beauty; or say that this beauty is a
relation between the place and yourself; or that, as
some philosophers say, the place *is* you—although this
last seems to most of us difficult. At any rate you
are deeply involved in the authorship of the net effect 15
on your mind. ‘Silly old washerwoman, she and her
brat,’ I have heard a very good fellow say at sight
of the Sistine Madonna. Here the collaborators, my
friend and Raphael, seem to have hardly succeeded
at all. ‘What I don’t like in mountains,’ another 20
good fellow has told me, while we stood at the heart
of the Snowdon range and he ruefully viewed its
wide expanses of bare rock, bilberry and heather, ‘is
all this here plain stuff. There’s a lot o’ plain stuff
between Capel Curig and here.’ Again that imperfect 25
success in joint authorship.

II

Between our senses and any object that might stir
us to some genial or awful delight there is always
interposed a kind of ether distilled from our own
personality. All that can ever come to us must come 30

in such vibrations as that intervening medium can suffer to pass. We never really get at the object itself; what we get is always some highly personal sense of the object, a sense strongly coloured and
5 flavoured by ourselves, our temperament's particular quality of reaction under whatever stimulus the object may exert.

To the artist who knows his business this is a commonplace. It is the point that he starts from, to
10 paint a landscape, or even a portrait. He renounces any attempt to represent things as an impersonal science might describe them. He does not care, either, to represent in paint a kind of greatest common measure of what a large number of other persons
15 might be conjectured to see in the object before him. He aims at expressing, with the most intimate frankness, whatever is most uncommon and vehement, perhaps most wayward and fantastic, in his private enjoyment of such visions as arise in his own mind
20 when thrilled by its own delighted reaction to the things in question. As I have said elsewhere, 'to mix with the day's diet of sights and sounds the man of this type seems to bring a wine of his own that lights a fire in his blood as he sits at the meal. What the
25 finest minds of other types eschew he does, and takes pains to do. To shun the dry light, to drench all he sees with himself, his own temperament, the humours of his own moods—this is not his dread but his wish, as well as his bent. "The eye sees what
30 the eye brings the means of seeing"; "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees"; "You shall see the world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a

wild flower''; this heightened and delighted personal sense of fact, a knack of seeing visions at the instance of seen things, is the basis of all art.'

We humbler bodies cannot do all that. And yet, in some slight measure, every man must be his own 5 artist; since he is fated to get, in any case, only some qualified visions of places and other things, he may as well take thought in time to get his visions as fresh and as undeformed as may be. None of us can force the divine accident to happen, or make our- 10 selves see all that Milton saw in the climbing of the twilight sky by the first lark at an English mid-summer dawn. And yet none of us knows but that one of these tremendous annunciations may come at any moment to himself. Two things, at any rate, 15 he can do. The first is to keep clean the lens on which any vision that comes shall be printed. The second is to make sure that the lens is his own.

III

This is no tract upon morals. It is a handbook to pleasures. But morals make up such a big part of 20 life that you cannot talk long about anything else without finding that, here too, some matter of conduct comes in. So out with it straight and on with our business.

There is a notion, common among hobbledehoys, 25 that 'experience' can be widened by a loss of self-control. Some of them will misbehave themselves just to 'see life'. Diddled by stale figures of speech, a lad at the university will get drunk 'just to have the experience', or do something worse because he 30

wants to have 'experienced everything' or to 'know the whole of life'. And some half-sane or trashy-hearted writers of fuller age have erected this mess of vague thought into a kind of philosophy. Life they
5 regard as an opportunity for collectorship, and they think of any new thing, noble or foul, that one does or sees as an addition to one's collection and an enrichment of one's personality; it makes one's life, they fancy, fuller and more complete, more richly
10 hung with notable pictures; it enlarges a man's knowledge of his own soul and helps him to gain a deeper insight into the heart and meaning of the whole world. It is said that Oscar Wilde, when slowly dying of a retributive disease, with all his splendid gifts already
15 dead before his body, was still chattering about the amplitude of the career of moral uncontrol.

These ethics of the dust rest wholly on one blunder. They assume that every novel step which you take must needs increase your experience and not diminish
20 it. Their algebra of experience recognizes only the positive sign. They reckon with no *minus* experiences. They think of the clean boy who gives up his cleanliness as if he had added something to his experience and subtracted nothing; whereas, at every loss of
25 self-control, you make some exchange of the spacious lightsome experience of moral autonomy for the dark and narrow experience of moral helplessness: you always come off a net loser, your treasury of experience depleted on balance, your vision of life more or
30 less blurred, your register of experience smudged, your faculty for delight perceptibly enfeebled. Burns had

tried the thing out: he knew all about it when he wrote, of uncontrol,

It hardens all within
And petrifies the feeling.

He and a few other possessors of genius have done 5
some wonderful things though they lived, off and
on, in the sensual sty, and died in it. Marlowe and
Morland and Burns and Mangan and Wilde, all had
time, before they quenched their own light, to show
what their continued splendour might have been. 10
But that makes out no case for self-destruction. And,
short of total self-destruction, you cannot defile the
temple without dimming its windows. Defile it much
and your experience of life may dwindle down to a
mere pin-point, all sensation and vision and memory 15
contracting, as it does in shattered rakes, to the sense
of the prick of one joyless craving that frustrated
all its hopes of satisfaction long ago. Defile it only
a little, and something is lost already of the radiant
receptiveness of the delighted spirit with no ugly 20
secrets to keep. It was no random wording that
made the 'seeing' of God the special beatitude of the
pure in heart, or that gave the gift of a transfiguring
vision to 'minds innocent and quiet' in the great
Cavalier's poem. The man 'who is not passion's slave' 25
wins more than the love of Hamlet. A quick and
lightsome alertness waits at the side of his bed every
morning, to enter into his senses as soon as he wakes.
'Get up,' it says, 'you have great things to see today.'
Perhaps the weather has changed in the night, and 30
he experiences a chuckling glee as if the everlastingly
amusing changefulness of weather had never struck

him before. All these ancient marvels come to him again with an unexhausted freshness; the sun is up, shining on bejewelled grass; it is all old beyond words and yet it is great news. Unconsciously he gives the 5 thanks that consists in infinite silent contentment and sings the hymn of a blithe wonder at wonder's own indefeasible freshness:

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

10 Whew! This talking of morals is pretty hot work for one who has less of Wordsworth or of Ecclesiastes about him than of a monkey much given to jumping about on the trees of our Paradise. Still, the thing forced itself in; even the monkeys have to keep fit 15 in order to get the best out of their jumping.

IV

Well, suppose we have no deadly sins, nor even some wary and sly little vices to keep our eyes turned in, instead of out, when we get up of a morning. Still we may have much to do, or undo, before 20 the old veil can lift and full vision be ours. For not in morals alone but in this shy demesne of æsthetics as well is it the bare truth that unless you become as a little child, or have not ceased to be one, the best that there is to be had will not come 25 your way.

You can hardly mistake the fortunate few who have not lost the finer use of their eyes—their bodily and mental eyes together—as most of us do in the later stages of youth. The lucky ones—most of them some

sort of artists, but not by any means all—seem to be always as if they had just come into the world and were going over this remarkable find, in a delectable state of wonder or amusement. There is still in them something of Adam upon the first day: they recon- 5 noitre, with shining eyes, the lay-out of the garden, and stare in admiration at such novel curiosities as the moon and stars. They seem to be always in at the birth of these remarkable things, unlike the rest of us, who take Orion and the Great Dog pretty 10 calmly, as belonging to rather an old story and one which no archaic fashion is trying at the moment to revive. You can make out that some of them see their human surroundings, the life and customs of their time, with that affectionate sense of its charac- 15 teristic manner and colour which most of us can only bring to the study of some specially picturesque period, and then only if this has been much written up by engaging authors: twentieth-century London or Glasgow is quaint and picturesque to them now 20 as Dr. Johnson's London, or the old St. Albans, is to common persons of taste. Our rather weary, faded habit of thinking only of splendid traditions as things that originated long ago, is not theirs; they exult in traditions that men are founding today, and 25 count it better to have a part in the making of what may be storied and immemorial foundations two thousand years hence than to bask in the sunshine of fond reverie in which we see Oxford or Winchester swimming like lovely landscapes enveloped in haze. 30 Or the fumes of mere human fellowship go to their heads, as if no cant or rhetoric had ever come to lower

the strength of those generous strong waters I know not how far below proof; and these eccentrics actually feel as if man were naturally united to man by the bond uniting a boatload of sailors newly cast away
5 on a small uninhabited island. Many will even act accordingly.

Not so much as a notion of any such state of the mind can be passed on to anybody to whom the state itself is utterly alien. But nearly every one's
10 experience includes some inkling of it: one of the winds that blow as they list has blown our way and brought us at least some fugitive glimpse of the things that we might still be seeing if nothing had stepped in to take away from us the power of sight that we
15 once had. Perhaps what passes for a thoroughly first-rate education has done the blinding. This may have brought us to think that it is freakish, or even ill-bred, to see things for ourselves and enjoy them with vehemence. A child's mind is unconsciously auto-
20 nomous, its way of observation boldly individual, its expression eagerly original. 'Lamps o' beauty, lamps o' beauty,' I have heard a small child crooning to itself as it watched some blown daffodils swinging in the twilight. Another, on first noticing a mounting
25 lark, said 'Look—two wings tied together, and a little bit of stick, which is its beak!' That is how the undespoiled see and describe, the delighted perception rushing straight into live speech that cares for no canons and yet shirks no flight. But presently this
30 wild gusto and grace are tabooed by the joint efforts of elder comrades and of the many second-rate minds to be found among teachers, along with the few that

fire and guide and hearten: the little adventurer's heart is prevailed on to fail him; he gives up his treasure of insight and power; within a few terms he may come to talk and think, and even to see, as imitatively and timidly as a committee: stock jokes, 5 stock phrases, stock valuations, stock contempts—he is more or less forcibly fed with them, till he imbibes at last a sense of actual discomfort and distrust, instead of admiration, in the company of any one who does not see and hear by proxy and talk by 10 rote. He has been turned, for life, into a member of a set, a creature of dim vision and savourless speech and nervous conformities. And yet he may, like the caged larks, have his moments of imaginative release into that old state of himself when no screens were 15 put up between him and the sun. At some emotional crisis, or some propitious moment of travel, a break in the long doldrums may come and the immobilized sails may seem for an instant to feel a breeze rise as it used to do. 20

V

All that any one else can helpfully say to that poor fellow is only this commonplace: 'Give all your sails to the wind. Trust to your own native sense of the object before you; let it abound in its difference from anything that you have heard worshipful persons 25 describe as appropriate feelings in some similar case.' The assumption is commonly made, or implied, that in presence of some reputedly beautiful thing there is one right way of feeling or thinking, and that there are many wrong ways. The opposite is the truth. 30

No wrong way exists, so long as it is a vehement personal way of somebody's own. Any such human experience is the ultimate unit of critical truth; you cannot get higher authority than that sincere assurance for any valuation of any visible thing. The only way you can fail, as a spectator of nature or art, is to say things, and try to believe them, just because some æsthetic pundit or critical mandarin has said them before. That way humbug lies, and boredom too.

And yet, strait and narrow is the way. For that which one's elders say is often worth minding. You look at Botticelli's 'Judith' with wiser eyes if you have read the clash of golden and silvery words in which Ruskin ascribes to her one state of feeling and Pater another. You look from Richmond Hill a better man, for the purpose in hand, if you know already how that great prospect moved Turner and how it moved Scott. Only, beware of them all. Hear what they say: 'take each man's censure'; but always 'reserve your judgement', and let it never be formed by the poor canny self-protective process of thinking out first what judgement would sound best from our lips, or would look least cranky if read, and then forcing ourselves towards that. Why not, each of us, have the courage of our own sensations and face the facts of our own likings and dislikes. It does not really matter if they bring on us the scorn of either the 'superior person' or the 'man of the world', the two alternative bogeys that, between them, scare so many people out of all faith in their own honest preferences and enjoyments.

Only, I fancy, through this sort of jealously guarded home-rule are the great appreciations of beauty achieved. Most of us, of course, will never achieve anything great of that kind; we shall not feel as much as Ruskin felt at sight of St. Mark's or Meredith 5 when he watched from Venice the first sun striking the Alps. Still, if we cannot achieve a big thing, we can at least achieve a real one. Some passionate moment of admiration verging on adoration may come—the intense and glowing sense of an admittance, 10 a new insight gained, not copied nor vamped but irresistibly experienced, like sunlight or growth. So, in this work of enjoying let us acknowledge no oracles or suzerains; every one fend for himself, and then something worth having may come of it; for on 'no 15 other terms will it come.

VI

So it works round to this—the delights of one place or another reside rather more in ourselves than they do in the place. The Alps at afterglow may be made trite and dull by some failure of ours to master a 20 mean little fear or desire; the finest fairy-tale that Nature ever told may come to nothing more than a lifeless humming in your ears if you see a lot of her other children not minding it and have not learnt to do your own listening for yourself. All the details of 25 our own state affect, in some little measure at least, the quality of things that we see and even of things that we saw long ago. To many English exiles long in the tropics, well branded and drenched with years of the extravagant unfriendliness of soddening rains 30

and skies of hard, hot tin, there comes a boundless increase in the beauty of the common English country town that they see in their thoughts. Its friendly glow, its air of reasonable contentment, of order
5 temperately kept, and of unflustered diligence, the slowly-printed record of many generations of cheerful and good-natured people, easy to understand and to live with—these things come by their rights; they establish more fully than ever before the claims of
10 their beauty. A long-familiar country house or farm that you remember flushing to heart-warming reds in the horizontal light of the endless English summer evening, the longest and kindest in the world, or standing up out of low meadow mists in the primeval-
15 seeming stillness of late afternoon in the grave October weather when fires in deep hearths begin to grow wonderful—this is not just one good-looking thing, but a long scale of things ascending from dreary pain-ness to the loveliness that makes your small heart
20 ache with over-filling; and some state of oneself, not of anything else, is registered by the place where it seems to stand on the scale. It may be to you the occasion of some vision as trivial and poor as a bilious man's vision of food, or a vision all on fire with heart-
25 rending beauty and truth, like the one a man gets of the life of his mother when she has just died.

Away, then, with the critical pertness that classes one place as sufficiently fair to be loved and sets another place aside as unsightly. It has been airily
30 said, in our time, that Sheffield and even London are ugly. London! London on an early autumn afternoon of quiet sunshine, when all the air is mysterious

with a vaporous gold-dust of illuminated motes and
the hum of the traffic seems to fall pensive and muted
round the big, benign London policeman

with uplifted hand
Conducting the orchestral Strand

5

London ugly ! Or Leeds not an Athens ! Or Birmingham not the right place ! Just look at them all, with your own mind and body decently fit, and your feelers well out and your retina burnished. For all places, when properly looked at, illuminate or set off 10 one another : they do not fight for crowns of beauty in your esteem ; members one of another, while ministering also to your sense of effective contrast, they join to lead you on towards conscious possessorship of your whole visible world as a single estate, 15 wholly yours now and the whole of it always implied in any one of its parts that you may happen to see. Attain to that and you carry the centre of things about in your mind, and the right place is wherever you are.

20

IX

A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[MR. SASSOON is famous for three books: a volume of satirical verse on war subjects, mostly from experiences in the trenches, and two volumes of prose, *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man* (from which this story is taken) and *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*.

5 Mr. Sassoon in these books shows himself a fine craftsman in either harmony.

The *Fox-hunting Man* is written in a spirit of reminiscence rather sadly, for he seems to think that the War has changed everything and he can only record great days gone for ever.

10 It would be sad to think so; perhaps he should only mourn his own lost youth, and we may believe that the great game is still played in the same spirit in the villages of England today. The story is shortened here, and you will enjoy it still more as it is told in that fine book, which, if you read it, will give
15 you a very fair picture of an English country gentleman's outlook on life.]

BUTLEY had lost the toss. As we went on to the field I tightened the black and yellow scarf which I wore round my waist; the scarf proved that I had
20 won a place in my House Eleven at school, and it was my sole credential as a cricketer. But today was more exciting and important than any 'House Match', and my sense of my own inferiority did not prevent me from observing every detail of the proceedings
25 which I am now able to visualize so clearly across the intervening years,

The umpires in their long white coats have placed the bails on the stumps, each at his own end, and they are still satisfying themselves that the stumps are in the requisite state of exact uprightness. Tom Seamark, the Rotherden umpire, is a red-faced sporting publican who bulks as large as a lighthouse. As an umpire he has certain emphatic mannerisms. When appealed to he expresses a negative decision with a severe and stentorian 'Not Out': but when adjudicating that the batsman is out, he silently shoots his right arm toward the sky—an impressive and irrevocable gesture which effectively quells all adverse criticism. He is, of course, a tremendous judge of the game, and when not absorbed by his grave responsibilities he is one of the most jovial men you could meet with. 15

Bill Sutler, our umpire, is totally different. To begin with, he has a wooden leg. Nobody knows how he lost his leg; he does not deny the local tradition that he was once a soldier, but even in his cups he has never been heard to claim that he gave the limb for Queen and Country. It is, however, quite certain that he is now a cobbler (with a heavily waxed moustache) and Butley has ceased to deny that he is a grossly partisan umpire. In direct contrast to Tom Seamark he invariably signifies 'not out' by a sour shake of the head: when the answer is an affirmative one he bawls 'Hout' as if he'd been stung by a wasp. It is reputed that (after giving the enemy's last man out leg-before in a closely fought finish) he was once heard to add, in an exultant undertone—'and I have won my five bob'. 30 He has also been accused of making holes in the pitch

with his wooden leg in order to facilitate the efforts of the Butley bowlers.

The umpires are in their places. But it is in the sunshine of my own clarified retrospection that they
5 are wearing their white coats. While I was describing them I had forgotten that they have both of them been dead for many years. Nevertheless, their voices are distinctly audible to me. 'Same boundaries as usual, Bill?' shouts Seamark, as loudly as if he were talking
10 to a deaf customer in his tap-room. 'Same *as* usual, Muster Seamark; three all round and four over the fence. Draw at six-thirty, and seven if there's anything in it,' says Sutler. And so, with an intensified detachment, I look around me at the Butley players,
15 who are now safely distributed in the positions which an omniscient Dodd has decreed for them.

I see myself, an awkward overgrown boy, fielding anxiously at mid-on. And there's Ned Noakes, the whiskered and one-eyed wicketkeeper, alert and active,
20 though he's forty-five if he's a day. With his one eye (and a glass one) he sees more than most of us do, and his enthusiasm for the game is apparent in every attitude. Alongside of him lounges big Will Picksett, a taciturn good-natured young yokel; though over-
25 deliberate in his movements, Will is a tower of strength in the team, and he sweeps half-volleys to the boundary with his enormous brown arms as though he were scything a hayfield. But there is no more time to describe the fielders, for Dodd has thrown a bright red
30 ball to Frank Peckham, who is to begin the bowling from the top end. While Crump and Bishop are still on their way to the wickets I cannot help wondering

whether, to modern eyes, the Butley team would not seem just a little unorthodox. William Dodd, for example, comfortably dressed in a pale pink shirt and grey trousers; and Peter Baitup, the ground-man (whose face is framed in a 'Newgate Fringe'), wearing 5 dingy white trousers with thin green stripes, and carrying his cap in his belt while he bowls his tempting left-hand slows. But things were different in those days.

In the meantime Bill Crump has taken his guard 10 and is waiting with watchful ease to subjugate the first ball of the match, while Peckham, a stalwart fierce-browed farmer, takes a final look round the field. Peckham is a fast bowler with an eccentric style. Like most fast bowlers, he starts about fifteen paces 15 from the wicket, but instead of running he walks the whole way to the crease, very much on his heels, and breaking his aggressive stride with a couple of systematic hops when about half-way to his destination. Now he is ready. Seamark pronounces the word 20 'Play!' And off he goes, walking for all he is worth, gripping the ball ferociously, and eyeing the batsman as if he intends to murder him if he can't bowl him neck and crop. On the ultimate stride his arm swings over, and a short-pitched ball pops up and whizzes 25 alarmingly near Crump's magnificent moustache. Ned Noakes receives it rapturously with an adroit snap of his gauntlets. Unperturbed, and with immense deliberation, Crump strolls up the pitch and prods with his bat the spot where he has made up his mind that 30 the ball hit the ground on its way toward his head. The ground-man scratches his nose apologetically.

'Don't drop 'em too short, Frank,' says Dodd mildly, with an expostulatory shake of his bristly grey cranium. Thus the match proceeds until, twenty-five years ago, it is lunch time, and Rotherden has made 5 seventy runs with three wickets down. And since both Crump and Bishop have been got rid of, Butley thinks it hasn't done badly.

* * *

The clock struck three, and the Reverend Yalden's leg-stump had just been knocked out of the ground by 10 a vicious yorker from Frank Peckham. 'Hundred and seventeen. Five. Nought,' shouted the Butley scorer, popping his head out of the little flat-roofed shanty which was known as 'the pavilion'. The battered tin number-plates were rattled on to their nails on the 15 scoring-board by a zealous young hobbledehoy who had undertaken the job for the day.

'*Wodger* say last man made?' he bawled, though the scorer was only a few feet away from him.

'Last man, *Blob*.'

20 The parson was unbuckling his pads on a bench near by, and I was close enough to observe the unevang-
gelical expression on his face as he looked up from under the brim of his panama hat with the M.C.C. ribbon round it. Mr. Yalden was not a popular 25 character on the Butley ground, and the hobbledehoy had made the most of a heaven-sent opportunity.

* * *

The clock struck four. Rotherden were all out for 188 and Tom Dixon had finished the innings with a confident catch on the boundary off one of Dodd's

artfully innocent lobs. No catches had come my way, so my part in the game had been an unobtrusive one. When Dodd and Picksett went out to open our innings it was a matter of general opinion in the Beer Tent that the home team had a sporting chance to make the runs 5 by seven o'clock, although there were some misgivings about the wicket and it was anticipated that Crump and Bishop would make the ball fly about a bit when they got to work.

Having ascertained that I was last but one on the 10 list in the score-book, I made my way slowly round the field to have a look at the Flower Show. As I went along the boundary in front of the spectators who were leaning their elbows on the fence I felt quite an important public character. And as I shouldn't have to 15 go in for a long while yet, there was no need to feel nervous. The batsmen, too, were shaping confidently, and there was a shout of 'Good ole Bill! That's the way to keep 'em on the carpet!' when Dodd brought off one of his celebrated square-cuts to the hedge off 20 Bishop's easy-actioned fast bowling. Picksett followed this up with an audacious pull which sent a straight one from Crump skimming first bounce into the Tea Tent, where it missed the short-sighted doctor's new straw hat by half an inch and caused quite a flutter 25 among the tea-sipping ladies.

'Twenty up,' announced the scorer, and the attendant hobbledehoy nearly fell over himself in his eagerness to get the numbers up on the board. A stupendous appeal for a catch at the wicket by the 30 Reverent Yalden was countered by Sutler with his surliest shake of the head, and the peg-supported

umpire was the most popular man on the field as he ferried himself to his square-leg location at the end of the over. Forty went up; then Dodd was clean bowled by Crump.

- 5 ' 'Ow's *that?*' bawled a ribald Rotherden partisan from a cart in the road, as the rotund batsman retreated; warm but majestic, he acknowledged the applause of the onlookers by a slight lifting of his close-fitting little cap. Everybody was delighted that
10 he had done so well, and it was agreed that he was (in the Beer Tent) 'a regular chronic old sport' and (in the Tea Tent) 'a wonderful man for his age'. Modest Jack Barchard then made his appearance and received a Boer War ovation.

* * *

- 15 Five wickets were down for ninety and the shadows of the cricketers were growing longer in the warm glare which slanted down the field. A sense of my own share in the game invaded me and it was uncomfortable to imagine that I might soon be walking out into
20 the middle to be bowled at by Crump and Bishop, who now seemed gigantic and forbidding. And then impetuous Ned Noakes must needs call Frank Peckham for an impossibly short run, and his partner retreated with a wrathful shake of his head. Everything now
25 depended on Dixon who was always as cool as a cucumber in a crisis.

- 'Give 'em a bit of the long handle, Tom!' bawled someone from the Beer Tent, while he marched serenely toward the wicket, pausing for a confidential
30 word with Noakes who was still looking a bit crest-fallen after the recent catastrophe. Dixon was a

stylish left-hander and never worried much about playing himself in. Bishop was well aware of this, and he at once arranged an extra man in the outfield for him. Sure enough, the second ball he received was lifted straight into long-off's hands. But the sun was in the 5 fielder's eyes and he misjudged the flight of the catch. The Beer Tent exulted vociferously. Dixon then set about the bowling and the score mounted merrily. He was energetically supported by Ned Noakes. But when their partnership had added over fifty, and they 10 looked like knocking off the runs, Noakes was caught in the slips off a bumping ball and the situation instantly became serious again.

Realizing that I was in next but one, I went off in a fluster to put my pads on, disregarding Aunt Evelyn's 15 tremulous 'I do so hope you'll do well, dear'. By the time I had arrived on the other side of the ground, Amos Hickmott, the wheelwright's son, had already caused acute anxiety. After surviving a tigerish appeal for 'leg-before', he had as near as a toucher run 20 Dixon out in a half-witted endeavour to escape from the bowling. My palsied fingers were still busy with straps and buckles when what sounded to me like a deafening crash warned me that it was all over with Hickmott. We still wanted seven runs to win when I 25 wandered weakly in the direction of the wicket. But it was the end of an over, and Dixon had the bowling. When I arrived the Reverend Yalden was dawdling up the pitch in his usual duck-footed progress when crossing from one wicket to the other. 30

'Well, young man, you've got to look lively this time,' he observed with intimidating jocosity. But

there seemed to be a twinkle of encouragement in Seamark's light blue eye as I established myself in his shadow.

Dixon played the first three balls carefully. The
5 fourth he smote clean out of the ground. The hit was worth six, but 'three all round and four over' was an immemorial rule at Butley. Unfortunately, he tried to repeat the stroke, and the fifth ball shattered his stumps. In those days there were only five balls to
10 an over.

Peter Baitup now rolled up with a wide grin on his fringed face, but it was no grinning moment for me at the bottom end when Sutler gave me 'middle-and-leg' and I confronted impending disaster from Crump
15 with the sun in my eyes. The first ball (which I lost sight of) missed my wicket by 'a coat of varnish' and travelled swiftly to the boundary for two byes, leaving Mr. Yalden with his huge gauntlets above his head in an attitude of aggrieved astonishment. The game
20 was now a tie. Through some obscure psychological process my whole being now became clarified. I remembered Shrewsbury's century and became as bold as brass. There was the enormous auctioneer with the ball in his hand. And there I, calmly resolved to
25 look lively and defeat his destructive aim. The ball hit my bat and trickled slowly up the pitch. 'Come on!' I shouted, and Peter came gallantly on. Crump was so taken by surprise that we were safe home before he'd picked up the ball. And that was the end of the
30 Flower Show Match.

X

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

BY WILLIAM COBBETT

[WE are all interested in social reform and in the literary use of vernaculars. Whether we agree with Cobbett's views or not, we will agree that his simple, direct, forceful language is a model for social reform writing. So is Ruskin's English in *Unto This Last*; but Ruskin's English is that of an intellectual, 5 while Cobbett's in these extracts is pure vernacular. His way of writing, like Bunyan's, is vernacular made literature. The best key to understanding and enjoying it is Hazlitt's essay on Cobbett in *The Spirit of the Age*.]

Now, supposing you to have a plenty; to have a 10 fortune beyond your wants, would not the money which you would save in this way be very well applied in acts of real benevolence? Can you walk many yards in the streets; can you ride a mile in the country; can you go to half a dozen cottages; can you, in short, open 15 your eyes, without seeing some human being, someone born in the same country with yourself, and who, on that account alone, has some claim upon your good wishes and your charity; can you open your eyes without seeing some person to whom even a small portion 20 of your annual savings would convey gladness of heart? Your own heart will suggest the answer; and, if there were no motive but this, what need I say more in the advice which I have here tendered to you?

Another great evil arising from this desire to be thought rich; or, rather from the desire not to be thought poor, is the destructive thing which has been honoured by the name of '*speculation*'; but which
5 ought to be called Gambling. It is a purchasing of something which you do not want either in the family or in the way of ordinary trade: a something to be sold again with a great profit; and on the sale of which there is a considerable hazard. When purchases of
10 this sort are made with ready money, they are not so offensive to reason and not attended with such risk; but when they are made with money *borrowed* for the purpose, they are neither more nor less than gambling transactions; and they have been, in this country, a
15 source of ruin, misery, and suicide, admitting of no adequate description. I grant that this gambling has arisen from the influence of the '*Goddess*' before mentioned; I grant that it has arisen from the facility of obtaining the fictitious means of making the
20 purchases; and I grant that that facility has been created by the system under the baneful influence of which we live. But it is not the less necessary that I beseech you not to practise such gambling; that I beseech you, if you be engaged in it, to disentangle
25 yourself from it as soon as you can. Your life, while you are thus engaged, is the life of the gamester; a life of constant anxiety; constant desire to overreach; constant apprehension; general gloom, enlivened, now and then, by a gleam of hope or of success. Even
30 that success is sure to lead to further adventures; and, at last, a thousand to one, that your fate is that of the pitcher to the well.

The great temptation to this gambling is, as is the case in other gambling, the *success of the few*. As young men who crowd to the army, in search of rank and renown, never look into the ditch that holds their slaughtered companions; but have their eye constantly 5 fixed on the General-in-chief; and as each of them belongs to the *same profession*, and is sure to be conscious that he has equal merit, every one deems himself the suitable successor of him who is surrounded with *Aides des camps*, and who moves battalions and 10 columns by his nod; so with the rising generation of 'speculators': they see the great estates that have succeeded the pencil-box and the orange-basket; they see those whom nature and good laws made to black shoes, sweep chimnies or the streets, rolling in 15 carriages, or sitting in saloons surrounded by gaudy footmen with napkins twisted round their thumbs; and they can see no earthly reason why they should not all do the same; forgetting the thousands and thousands, who, in making the attempt, have reduced themselves 20 to that beggary which, before their attempt, they would have regarded as a thing wholly impossible.

In all situations in life, avoid the *trammels of the law*. Man's nature must be changed before lawsuits will cease; and, perhaps, it would be next to impossible 25 to make them less frequent than they are in the present state of this country; but though no man, who has any property at all, can say that he will have nothing to do with lawsuits, it is in the power of most men to avoid them in a considerable degree. One good 30 rule is to have as little as possible to do with any man who is fond of lawsuits, and who, upon every slight

occasion, talks of an appeal to the law. Such persons, from their frequent litigations, contract a habit of using the technical terms of the Courts, in which they take a pride, and are, therefore, companions peculiarly
5 disgusting to men of sense. To such men a lawsuit is a luxury, instead of being as it is, to men of ordinary minds, a source of anxiety and a real and substantial scourge. Such men are always of a quarrelsome disposition, and avail themselves of every opportunity to
10 indulge in that which is mischievous to their neighbours. In thousands of instances men go to law for the indulgence of mere anger. The Germans are said to bring *spite-actions* against one another, and to harass their poorer neighbours from motives of pure
15 revenge. They have carried this their disposition with them to America; for which reason no one likes to live in a German neighbourhood.

Before you go to law consider well the *cost*; for if you win your suit and are poorer than you were before,
20 what do you accomplish? You only imbibe a little additional anger against your opponent; you injure him, but do harm to yourself. Better to put up with the loss of one pound than of two, to which latter is to be added all the loss of time, all the trouble, and all
25 the mortification and anxiety attending a lawsuit. To set an attorney to work to worry and torment another man is a very base act; to alarm his family as well as himself, while you are sitting quietly at home. If a man owe you money which he cannot pay, why add
30 to his distress without the chance of benefit to yourself? Thousands of men have injured themselves by

resorting to the law; while very few ever bettered themselves by it, except such resort were unavoidable.

Nothing is much more discreditable than what is called *hard dealing*. They say of the Turks, that they know nothing of *two prices* for the same article; and 5 that to ask an abatement of the lowest shopkeeper is to insult him. It would be well if Christians imitated Mohammedans in this respect. To ask one price and take another, or to offer one price and give another, besides the loss of time that it occasions, is highly 10 dishonourable to the parties, and especially when pushed to the extent of solemn protestations. It is, in fact, a species of lying; and it answers no one advantageous purpose to either buyer or seller. I hope that every young man who reads this, will start in life 15 with a resolution never to higggle and lie in dealings. There is this circumstance in favour of the bookseller's business: every book has its fixed price, and no one ever asks an abatement. If it were thus in all other trades, how much time would be saved, and how much 20 immorality prevented!

* * *

Another mode of spending the leisure time is that of books. Rational and well-informed companions may be still more instructive; but books never annoy; they cost little; and they are always at hand, and ready at 25 your call. The sort of books must, in some degree, depend upon your pursuit in life; but there are some books necessary to every one who aims at the character of a well-informed man. I have slightly mentioned History and Geography in the preceding letter; but 30 I must here observe, that, as to both these, you should

begin with your own country, and make yourself well acquainted, not only with its ancient state, but with the *origin* of all its principal institutions. To read of the battles which it has fought, and of the intrigues
5 by which one king or one minister has succeeded another, is very little more profitable than the reading of a romance. To understand well the history of the country, you should first understand how it came to be divided into counties, hundreds, and into parishes;
10 how judges, sheriffs, and juries, first arose; to what end they were all invented, and how the changes with respect to any of them have been produced. But it is of particular consequence that you ascertain the *state of the people* in former times, which is to be ascertained
15 by *comparing the then price of labour with the then price of food*. You hear enough, and you read enough, about the *glorious wars* in the reign of KING EDWARD the THIRD; and it is very proper that those glories should be recorded and remembered; but you never
20 read, in the works of the historians, that, in that reign, a common labourer earned threepence-halfpenny a day; and that a *fat sheep* was sold, at the same time, for one shilling and twopence, and a fat hog, two years old, for three shillings and fourpence, and a fat goose
25 for twopence-halfpenny. You never read that women received a penny a day for haymaking or weeding in the corn, and that a gallon of red wine was sold for fourpence. These are matters which historians have deemed to be beneath their notice; but they are
30 matters of real importance: they are matters which ought to have practical effect at this time; for these furnish the criterion whereby we are to judge of our

condition compared with that of our forefathers. The poor-rates form a great feature in the laws and customs of this country. Put to a thousand persons who have read what is called the history of England; put to them the question, how the poor-rates came? and nine 5 hundred and ninety-nine of the thousand will tell you, that they know nothing at all of the matter. This is not history; a list of battles and a string of intrigues are not history, they communicate no knowledge applicable to our present state; and it really is better 10 to amuse oneself with an avowed romance, which latter is a great deal worse than passing one's time in counting the trees.

* * *

History, however, is by no means the only thing about which every man's leisure furnishes him with 15 the means of reading; besides which, every man has not the same taste. Poetry, geography, moral essays, the divers subjects of philosophy, travels, natural history, books on sciences; and, in short, the whole range of book-knowledge is before you; but there is 20 one thing always to be guarded against; and that is, not to admire and applaud anything you read, merely because it is the *fashion* to admire and applaud it. Read, consider well what you read, *form your own judgement*, and stand by that judgement in despite of 25 the sayings of what are called learned men, until fact or argument be offered to convince you of your error. One writer praises another; and it is very possible for writers to combine as to cry down and, in some sort, to destroy the reputation of any one who meddles with 30 the combination, unless the person thus assailed be

blessed with uncommon talent and uncommon perseverance. When I read the works of POPE and of SWIFT, I was greatly delighted with their lashing of DENNIS; but wondered, at the same time, why they
5 should have taken so much pains in running down such a *fool*. By the merest accident in the world, being at a tavern in the woods of America, I took up an old book, in order to pass away the time while my travelling companions were drinking in the next room;
10 but seeing the book contained the criticisms of DENNIS, I was about to lay it down, when the play of 'CATO' caught my eye; and having been accustomed to read books in which this play was lauded to the skies, and knowing it to have been written by
15 ADDISON, every line of whose works I had been taught to believe teemed with wisdom and genius, I condescended to begin to read, though the work was from the pen of that *fool* DENNIS. I read on, and soon began to *laugh*, not at Dennis, but at Addison. I
20 laughed so much and so loud, that the landlord, who was in the passage, came in to see what I was laughing at. In short, I found it a most masterly production, one of the most witty things that I had ever read in my life. I was delighted with DENNIS, and was
25 heartily ashamed of my former admiration of CATO, and felt no little resentment against POPE and SWIFT for their endless reviling of this most able and witty critic. This, as far as I recollect, was the first *emancipation* that had assisted me in my reading. I
30 have, since that time, never taken anything upon trust: I have judged for myself, trusting neither to the opinions of writers nor in the fashions of the day.

Having been told by DR. BLAIR, in his lectures on Rhetoric, that, if I meant to write correctly, I must 'give my days and nights to Addison', I read a few numbers of the Spectator at the time I was writing my English Grammar: I gave neither my nights nor my 5 days to him; but I found an abundance of matter to afford examples of *false grammar*; and, upon a reperusal, I found that the criticism of DENNIS might have been extended to this book too.

* * *

Besides reading, a young man ought to write, if he 10 have the capacity and the leisure. If you wish to remember a thing well, put it into writing, even if you burn the paper immediately after you have done; for the eye greatly assists the mind. Memory consists of a concatenation of ideas, the place, the time, and 15 other circumstances, lead to the recollection of facts; and no circumstance more effectually than stating the facts upon paper. A JOURNAL should be kept by every young man. Put down something against every day in the year, if it be merely a description of the 20 weather. You will not have done this for one year without finding the benefit of it. It disburthens the mind of many things to be recollected; it is amusing and useful, and ought by no means to be neglected. How often does it happen that we cannot make a state- 25 ment of facts, sometimes very interesting to ourselves and our friends, for the want of a record of the places where we were, and of things that occurred on such and such a day! How often does it happen that we get into disagreeable disputes about things that we have 30 passed, and about the time and other circumstances

attending them! As a thing of mere curiosity, it is of some value, and may frequently prove of very great utility. It demands not more than a minute in the twenty-four hours; and that minute is most agree-
5 ably and advantageously employed. It tends greatly to produce regularity in the conducting of affairs: it is a thing demanding a small portion of attention *once in every day*; I myself have found it to be attended with great and numerous benefits, and I therefore
10 strongly recommend it to the practice of every reader.

PART III : THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT

XI

BIOLOGY IN UTOPIA¹

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

[HERE is an admirable type of review. In a world which is filled with new books every year, the function of the reviewer is a very important one. Occasionally he warns us about a bad book ; he more usually guides us to the best. For few men can hope to read every book published even in their own subject, 5 so the reviewer reads for us and advertises what is good. In general literature he makes us want to read what excited him ; in technical subjects he is content to indicate the contents and discuss any new ideas expressed. In this review Prof. Huxley attracts us to read Wells's book while making his discussion a 10 fascinating essay on biology.

Prof. Huxley is Professor of Zoology in the University of London and one of the happiest of what we may term our 'propagandist scientists'—those research workers who feel that every one should be kept in touch with scientific discovery, lest, 15 as he says, 'Whenever the lag in communication between science and general thought grows considerable, whenever science, through laziness, pride or pedantry, fails to make herself understood, and whenever the public, through laziness, stupidity, or prejudice, fails to understand, then we shall proceed to a lament- 20 able divorce.' The relationship between scientific discovery and general thought will break down 'and scientists will become an isolated caste in a half-hostile environment'.]

THE columns of *Nature* are not the place to discuss the literary merits of Mr. Wells's new book—although, 25 for the matter of that, good style or artistic capacity

¹ A review of *Men like Gods*, by H. G. Wells. (London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne : Cassell & Co., Ltd., 1923.)

and appreciation are phenomena as natural as any others. Suffice it to say that he has achieved a Utopian tale which is not only interesting but also extremely readable. Most readable Utopias are in reality satires, such as *Gulliver's Travels*, and the no less immortal *Erewhon*. Mr. Wells has attempted the genuine or idealistic Utopia, after the example of Plato, Sir Thomas More, and William Morris; and, by the ingenious idea of introducing not a solitary visitor from the present, but a whole party of visitors (including some entertaining and not-at-all-disguised portraits of various living personages), has provided a good story to vivify his reflections.

However, since Mr. Wells is giving us not only a story, but his idea of what a properly-used human faculty might make of humanity in the space of a hundred generations, his romance has become a fit subject for biological dissection in these pages.

He pictures a world where, in the first place, the advance of physico-chemical science and its application, to which we are already accustomed, has attained a far higher pitch of perfection. Further, machinery has become so self-regulating that it does not make man captive, as Samuel Butler prophesied, but is a real servant. Also, instead of machinery and mechanism occupying the foremost place in the life of the majority of men, as Bergson laments that they are tending to do today, they have apparently been rendered not only more efficient, but more self-regulating, and are as subservient to the will of the community as is a motor car, which never gets out of order, to its owner.

In the second place, life has been subjected to a similar control. This is a process which the biologist sees so obviously on its way that it should excite no surprise. As our knowledge of genetics increases, our application of it must outstrip the past achievements 5 of empirical breeding as much as the application of scientific knowledge of principle in chemistry, say, or electricity, has outstripped the achievements of empiricism in those fields. Mr. Wells's wonderful flowers and trees are almost there already; we will not worry 10 about them. Even his domestic-minded leopards and tigers, more 'kittenish and mild' even than Mr. Belloc's, should not be lightly dismissed after recent experiments on the inheritance of tameness and wildness in rats.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wells also imagines a purging of the 15 organic world. The triumphs of parasitology and the rise of ecology have set him thinking; and he believes that, given real knowledge of the life-histories and interrelations of organisms, man could successfully proceed to wholesale elimination of a multitude of 20 noxious bacteria, parasitic worms, insects, and carnivores. Here again we have no right to quarrel. Mr. Wells does not need to be reminded of the thistle in California or the rabbits in Australia: his Utopians proceed with exemplary precautions. All this is but 25 an extension of what has already been begun.

In the third place, however, human as well as non-human life has been subjected to this control; and this in two ways. First, by an extension of the methods previously used. The accidents and circum- 30 stances of life have been altered—there has been a further control of external machinery. This has been,

of course, chiefly in the fields of social and political institutions. A great part of such change is only intelligible as a corollary of the other supposed changes. But we may here direct attention to one idea which
5 is imagined as at the root of much of it—the idea that man is master in his own house of Earth, as opposed to the idea which, with few exceptions, has until now dominated his history—the idea that he is the slave, sport, or servant or an arbitrary personal Power or
10 Powers.

Finally, we come to the most radical and inevitably the most provocative of our author's imaginings—that which concerns not the alteration of things in relation to a constant human nature, but the altera-
15 tion of that human nature itself.

There Mr. Wells is extremely interesting. He reduces the role of eugenics to a minimum, exalts that of education, or if you prefer it, environment, to a maximum. Eugenic change has been restricted to
20 'breeding out' (Mr. Wells does not initiate us into methods) certain temperamental qualities—habitual gloominess, petty inefficiency, excess of that 'sacrificial pity' Mr. Wells dislikes so much, and so forth.

The rest has been accomplished by proper education,
25 and, above all, by a 'change of heart' as regards the essential aims of life. Mr. Wells sums this up in a phrase (in which one recognizes his devotion to the late headmaster of Oundle) as the substitution of the ideal of creative service for that of competition.

30 The realization of this ideal is made possible in the first instance by a proper application of psychology to early life, so that painful repression and stupid

suppression shall not occur, and men and women grow up unriden by hags of sex or fear, and yet without separation of any important fragment of their mental organism from the rest. Education *sensu restricto* then steps in, and enlarges the capacities of the 5 unhampered growing mind, while the substitution of a form of telepathy for speech reduces the time and energy needed for communication. Meanwhile, a rational birth-control provides a world not overcrowded and overstrained.

10

By these means, Mr. Wells imagines, a race has been produced of great beauty and physical strength, great intellectual and artistic capacities, interested primarily in two things—the understanding of Nature for its own sake, and its control for the sake of humanity. 15 By control Mr. Wells means not only utilitarian control, but that which, as in a garden, is to please and delight, and that highest control of all, artistic and scientific creation.

The Utopians, owing to their upbringing and social 20 environment, come to think and act so that they need no central government, no law-courts, no police, no contracts. In this Mr. Wells is only telling us what we all knew already, that in most men it seems theoretically possible to produce a ‘change of heart’— 25 i.e. substitute new dominant ideas for old—and that if this is effected, restrictive measures gradually become unnecessary. He is careful not to make his Utopia too ideal. It is as ideal compared with this world as would be Olympus: but as little perfect as Olympus 30 would seem to have been. The men and women there are often discontented and restless; criticism is

abundant. Mr. Wells knows that intellectual and æsthetic achievement open the door to the highest known happiness of the present; he still sees that function for them in Utopia.

5 Let us go back and try to see how much of Mr. Wells's speculations fall within the bounds of possibility. All Utopias must suffer from lack of familiar associations, for it is by familiar associations, especially with things of youth and childhood, that
10 emotional appeal is made and real assent gained. Thus, whatever stores of loved memories a Utopian may have, whatever driving force he may draw from the sight of familiar places and objects, we can only see his emotional life from outside, as an Englishman
15 on his first visit to the United States notices the differences from England rather than the resemblances. But if we remember that Utopians, or Americans, must have each their private growth of life, and that this must be in many ways like ours, we get over the
20 first stile.

We have already dealt with Mr. Wells's applied physics and chemistry and his applied biology of lower organisms. That in a sense is commonplace—commonplace made surprising; none the less, it is
25 good to have it so well done, to have people reminded that the rate of this sort of change not only need not slow down, but can continue, and continue to be accelerated, for a very long time. What of his applied biology of man? Minor criticisms are easy to make.
30 The Utopians, for example, go either almost naked, or else clothed in garb of the indeterminate simplicity that seems to be fashionable in all Utopias. Mr. Wells

is perhaps so revolted by the dullness of modern male attire, that he under-estimates the amount by which dress enlarges the human horizon, giving us a hundred extra variations of personality, raising to an infinitude of permutations the possibilities realized in the court-ship-decorations of lower animals.

With the rediscovery of Mendel's laws and their recent working out, we are introduced to the theoretical possibility of an analysis of the hereditary constitution similar to the chemist's analysis of a compound; and so, presumably, in the long run to its control. There are great technical difficulties in higher organisms, and application to man presents yet further difficulties. Still, the fact remains that the theoretical possibility exists for us today, and did not exist twenty-five years ago.

We must further recall the lessons of evolutionary biology. These teach us that, however ignorant we may be regarding the details of the process, life is essentially plastic and has in the past been moulded into an extraordinary variety of forms. Further, that the attributes of living things have almost all been developed in relation to the environment—even their mental attributes. There is a causal relation between the absence of X-rays in the normal environment and the absence in organisms of sense-organs capable of detecting X-rays, between the habits of lions and their fierceness, of doves and their timidity. There is, thirdly, no reason whatever to suppose that the mind of man represents the highest development possible to mind, any more than there was to suppose it of the mind of monkeys when they were the highest

organisms. We must squarely recognize that, in spite of proverbs to the contrary, it is probable that 'human nature' could be considerably changed and improved.

Next, we have the recent rise of psychology. Much
5 nonsense doubtless masquerades under the name of psycho-analysis or 'modern' psychology. None the less, as so shrewd a critic as the late W. H. Rivers at once saw, and as has been put to such practical uses in therapeutic treatment, there is not only some-
10 thing in it, but a great deal. Repression, suppression, sublimation, and the rest are realities; and we are finding out how our minds do work, ought not to work, and might be made to work. It is clear that the average mind is as distorted and stunted as
15 a much-below-average body; and that, by just so much as a great mind is more different from an average one than great from average bodily capacity, by so much would proper training be more efficient with minds than even with bodies. Here the extra-
20 vagances of some eugenists find their corrective; Mr. Wells's imagination is pursuing to its logical end the line taken by such authorities as Mr. Carr-Saunders in his *Population Problem*.

Again, Mr. Wells, being a major prophet, perceives
25 without difficulty that the substitution of some new dominant idea for the current ideas of Commercialism, Nationalism, and Sectarianism (better not beg the question by saying *Industry, Patriotism, and Religion*) is the most needed change of all. Here, again, he is
30 in reality only adopting the method of Lyell and Darwin—uniformitarianism—and seeking the key of the future, as of the past, in the present. There is

today a slowly growing minority of people who not only profoundly disbelieve in the current conceptions *and valuations* of the world and human life, but also, however gropingly, are trying to put scientifically-grounded ideas in their place. 5

Belief is the parent of action; and so long as the majority of men refuse to believe that they need not remain the slave of the transcendental, whether in the shape of an imaginary Being, of the Absolute, or of Transcendental Morality, they cannot reap the 10 fruits of reason. If the minority became the majority, society and all its institutions and codes would be radically altered.

Take but one example, and a current one—birth-control. When Mr. Wells's *Father Amerton* finds that 15 it is the basis of Utopian civilization he exclaims in horror: 'Refusing to create souls! The *wickedness* of it! Oh, my God!'

We are reminded of that passage in *Tristram Shandy* (ch. 21) where satire is poured on the preoccupation 20 of the Roman Church with a similar transcendental (and wholly meaningless) problem—to wit, when could a child, as having an immortal soul to be saved, be first baptised? Some of the suggested expedients for saving embryos from perdition prompted Sterne 25 once and for all by the plan of baptising all the to inquire why all this pother could not be got over 'homunculi' (*moderniter* spermatozoa) at once, slapdash—which could be done, Mr. Shandy apprehends, '*par le moyen d'une petite camulle,*' and '*sans faire 30 aucun tort au pere.*'

This is the great enemy of true progress—this belief that things have been already settled for us, and the consequent result of considering proposals not on their merits, but in reference to a system of principles which is for the most part a survival from primitive civilizations.

Mr. Wells may often be disagreed with in detail: he is at least right in his premises.

A perusal of his novel in conjunction with a complementary would be useful. *Men like Gods*, taken *en sandviche* with, say, Punnett's *Mendelism*, Trotter's *Instincts of the Herd*, Thouless' *Psychology of Religion*, Carr-Saunders's *Population Problem*, Whetham on Eugenics, and a good compendium of recent psychology, would be a very wholesome employment of the scientific imagination.

XII

THE DUTY OF DOUBT

By J. B. S. HALDANE

[It is sadly admitted by many students of literature today that all the romance of life seems to be the property of the scientists. Long ago, romance was the property of the poets and story-tellers: today Mr. Bernard Shaw points out that scientists expect us to believe things far more fantastic than 5 any poet ever expected us to believe, and we believe them. The popular books of the astronomer, the physicist or the bio-chemist are the most spiritually exciting works in general literature today.

Mr. Haldane, who is a distinguished research worker in bio- 10 chemistry and genetics in the University of London, is one of the most distinguished writers in this kind today. In the Preface to *Possible Worlds* from which this essay is taken, he defends the kind: 'Many scientific workers believe that they should confine their publications to learned journals. I think, however, 15 that the public has a right to know what is going on inside the laboratories, for some of which it pays. And it seems to me vitally important that the scientific point of view should be applied, so far as is possible, to politics and religion.']

WE are taught that faith is a virtue. This is 20 obviously true in some cases, and to my mind equally false in others. There are occasions when the need for it must be emphasized. Nevertheless, at the present time I believe that mankind is suffering from too much, rather than too little faith, and it is doubt 25 rather than faith that must be preached. I am not thinking wholly or even mainly of faith in the Christian

or any other religion, but simply of the habit of taking things for granted. Nor am I praising a blind and haphazard doubt, which is as unintelligent as blind faith, and far less fruitful. Greece and Rome produced a sect of sceptic philosophers who gave valid reasons for doubting anything whatever, and finally left themselves with no motives except the gratification of their instincts. Christianity swept away scepticism along with many nobler philosophies. And any system in which the suspense of judgement leads to the suspense of action will inevitably perish at the hands of men who are prepared to act, however utterly nonsensical be the motives that lead them.

Modern science began with great acts of doubt. Copernicus doubted that the sun went round the earth, Galileo that heavy bodies fall faster than light ones, Harvey that the blood flowed into the tissues through the veins. They had each a theory to replace the old one, and their observations and experiments were largely designed to support that theory. But as time went on these theories, too, were found wanting. The planets do not go round the sun in circles as Copernicus thought: gravitation is a more complex affair than Galileo or even Newton believed. And nowadays, though many experiments are made to support old or new theories, large numbers merely go to prove them false without putting anything in their place. One can hardly open a scientific journal without finding a paper with some such title as 'On an Anomalous Type of Inheritance in Potatoes', or 'Deviations from the Law of Mass Action in Concentrated Sugar Solutions'. The statement of any general principle is enough to

raise active doubt in many minds. Moreover, the authors very often make no attempt to put forward an improved theory; and if they do so it is generally in a very tentative form. 'The results so far obtained are consistent with the view that. . .' has taken the place 5 of 'Thus saith the Lord . . .' as an introduction to a new theory. Moses apparently regarded 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' as an absolute principle of right conduct; Einstein would certainly not regard any of his laws as final accounts of the behaviour of 10 matter.

Now, the method of science, which involves doubt, has been conspicuously successful over a certain field. But there are many who affirm that that field is strictly limited. 'In the realm of religion and ethics,' they 15 assert, 'we have reached finality. You may not be certain about the principles of physics, but I and every right-minded man and woman are certain about the principles of right and wrong; and those who question them deserve to be treated as criminals.' This attitude 20 is rather commoner in the United States than in most civilized countries, not because Americans are more stupid or less educated than other nations, but because they live amid a more homogeneous moral tradition. The Englishman who thinks it wrong to live with a 25 mistress has only to cross to France to find people doing so without exciting serious disapproval. The Russian who regards making a fortune as a disgusting vice has only to enter Finland (if his Government will let him) to find quite decent and useful individuals practising it. 30 But the American has a long way to travel before he or she will find otherwise respectable women smoking

cigars without exciting unfavourable comment, or governing classes who regard the self-made millionaire as inevitably vulgar and unpleasant.

Now, there are conditions under which it is an advantage that moral principles should be unquestioned. It is roughly true that our laws are the laws which would have been suitable for our grandparents, and our moral code that which would have sufficed for our great-great-grandparents. It takes about two generations of effort to effect a great legal change, say Prohibition or Irish Home Rule, and a good deal more to dethrone a generally accepted principle of moral conduct, such as the different moral standards of the sexes or the wickedness of sport on Sundays. In a society which is not altering much in other respects this stability is an excellent thing, though of course the desirable moral code will vary from place to place. Thus the South Pacific islanders almost universally practised infanticide or abortion, and very often cannibalism or head-hunting. The islands were as thickly populated as was possible with the methods of agriculture and fishing available, and if the population had not been kept down by these methods famines would have occurred. The missionaries have taught them that these practices are wrong; and so they are now, since European diseases and drinks have replaced them as checks on over-population.

Now, the moral code of Europe, North America, Australia, and New Zealand is to a large extent the code which was found to work in medieval Europe. Of course, it has altered since the Middle Ages, but it is far more similar to its ancestor of six hundred

years back than to the codes, say, of China, Arabia, New Guinea, or Central Africa today. The medieval code was evolved in a society mainly engaged in small-scale agriculture and small-scale industry, dominated by a small educated class of priests, and a still smaller 5 military nobility. And the oddest traces of this survive even in the United States. University professors are no longer in holy orders, but they are expected to conform to a standard of conduct much stricter than that demanded of business men or soldiers. 10 The head of the state no longer wears a sword and chain-mail on public occasions. (I am not talking about kings, who still occasionally wear swords, and who, when explosives have been superseded by other methods of killing, will probably carry dummy bombs.) 15 But he still behaves to the heads of other states in a manner appropriate to a medieval knight. We are delighted (at least if we are shareholders) when company presidents and directors effect a combination with another corporation in the same line of business, but 20 we expect our premiers and presidents to maintain our national independence to the last drop of our blood.

And the same applies to property. It was obviously right that a medieval workman should own his own tools and workshop. It is obviously impracticable for 25 a modern factory worker to own half a lathe and twenty square yards of floor space. It is only gradually being realized that the idea of absolute personal ownership so suitable when applied to a spade or a chisel leads to inconveniences when applied to a share 30 certificate. And those who realize it most fully are convinced—why, I am not very clear—that those

inconveniences would vanish if only the ownership were transferred to the State. The truth is more probably that the idea of absolute ownership is ceasing to work and will have to be replaced, as the idea of absolute position has been in physics or that of fixed species in biology. The believer in absolute ownership will at once ask me what I have to put in its place, and will raise a triumphant shout when I say that I do not know.

10 Now, supposing I go to a physiologist and convince him that his otherwise admirable theory of conduction in nerves will not explain, let us say, the action of cocaine in blocking them, he will not immediately ask me to produce a theory better than his own. Nor 15 will he abandon his former view; he will try out modifications of it and see whether they work. He will quite probably spend a couple of months in experiments suggested by a theory which he regards as likely to be false. And when he arrives at a scheme of ideas 20 which will fit all the facts so far known he will hardly dignify it by the name of theory, but call it a working hypothesis.

‘Yes,’ my opponent will say; ‘and do you expect men to die for a working hypothesis as they will die 25 for a faith?’

Well, men have died for odder things. On the occasion of Napoleon III.’s *coup d’état* in 1851, Baudin, a deputy of the Second Republic, was trying to rally opposition in the streets of Paris, though with 30 little hope of success. A workman shouted, ‘Why should we risk our lives for your twenty-five francs?’ referring to his daily salary as a deputy. ‘Stay here,’

said Baudin, 'and you shall see how a man dies for twenty-five francs.' He died.

And every day men do risk their lives for working hypotheses. Half the art of war consists of doing so. The dispositions of the enemy during a modern battle 5 are more or less unknown. On the available evidence the commander-in-chief forms a hypothesis on which he must then act with the utmost vigour. The great general is the man who stakes everything on his hypothesis while realizing that it is only a hypothesis and 10 must be modified from moment to moment.

Just the same is true of scientific work. A good many biologists experiment on themselves. Of course, it is occasionally necessary to make experiments which one knows are dangerous, for example in determining 15 how a disease is transmitted. A number of people have died in this way, and it is to my mind the ideal way of dying. Others make experiments which are apparently risky, but really perfectly safe provided the theory on which they are based is sound. I have 20 occasionally made experiments of this kind, and if I had died in the course of one I should, while dying, have regarded myself not as a martyr but as a fool. For all that, I have no doubt that the theories to which I entrusted my life were more or less incorrect. One 25 at least has already been proved so, and the history of science makes it clear enough that many of the others will be. But though they had their flaws, they were good enough to enable me to predict the safety of those particular experiments, and I hope that I 30 never regarded them as much more than working hypotheses.

My objection to the thought of many people on all subjects, and of all people (including myself) on some subjects, is that it is in a pre-scientific stage. They seem to be incapable of acting on certain momentous
5 topics unless they are certain of their premises. Now, all I should be prepared to say in favour of democracy is that it is, in my opinion, the least objectionable form of government so far devised for men and women of certain sections of the human race. But acting on
10 that opinion I should be willing to risk my life on its behalf in defending it against government by a military autocrat like the Kaiser or a secret society like the Ku-Klux-Klan. Yet I hope that I have not closed my mind to the claims of other forms of government,
15 for example the rule of such a voluntary aristocracy as the governing group of Italy or Russia.

Similarly, in the field of religion it seems to me very probable that in certain respects the structure of the universe resembles that of my own mind. This opinion
20 leads, I think, to implications as to moral conduct different from those of materialism. But if we try to clothe this idea in the terminology of religion we can do it in many different ways. Some of these may serve to make man more like God; they also have the
25 converse effect in bringing God, in our ideas at least, down to the level of man.

It is characteristic of a good scientific theory that it makes no more assumptions than are needed to explain the facts under consideration and predict a few more.
30 For example, it is quite likely that the inverse square law describing the force between two electrically charged bodies ceases to hold when they are very close

or very far apart. In half an hour I could write down a dozen laws of a more complicated kind which would agree equally well with all the observed facts. But no one nowadays would be interested in such a law. Scientific men agree to suspend judgement when they 5 do not know. On the whole, however, the opposite has been the case in the history of religion. Where there was obvious room for different opinions, for example as to the nature of Jesus' relationship with God, a highly complex theory was gradually built up 10 and was accepted by most Christian churches. The Unitarians regard themselves as more reasonable than the Trinitarians and have adopted a quite different theory. To my mind a far more rational view than either would be as follows: 'I believe in God and 15 try to obey and imitate Jesus, but I do not know exactly what is their relationship.' That is certainly the view of millions of Christians, but no important religious body dares to adopt it. They prefer to go on thinking along pre-scientific lines. And it is this 20 pre-scientific outlook of religion, rather than anything specific in its tenets, which brings it into conflict with science. 'A creed in harmony with the thought of today' is no better than the Athanasian Creed if it is taken as a creed and not a working hypothesis, for 25 the simple reason that it will not be in harmony with the thought of tomorrow.

As a matter of fact, the Christian attitude to faith probably rests on a misunderstanding. Diseases of the nervous system and chronic diseases of the skin are 30 particularly amenable to cure by suggestion and other psychological methods. Jesus' recorded healing work

was mainly confined to these complaints, and required faith in the patients. But this faith was a belief that they would be cured, and not an assent to historical or metaphysical propositions. Christian Science is so often therapeutically successful because it lays stress on the patient's believing in his or her own health rather than in Noah's Ark or the Ascension. But the Christian churches have tended to accumulate more and more dogmas in their schedules as time went on, so that faith has become more and more intellectual and more and more of a strain on the intellect.

It is just the same with politics. Political creeds fall into two classes. There are the conservative beliefs that institutions which have worked fairly well in the past will go on working under new conditions. Opposed to them are the radical beliefs that policies which have not been tried at all, such as universal disarmament, or have been tried far away or long ago, for example Prohibition in Arabia, are the only solutions for our problems. The good party men honestly hold these beliefs; the politicians say that they hold them. Fortunately, this is rarely the case, though occasionally an honest man like Robespierre or W. J. Bryan rises to power and acts as if he believed in his own speeches. As long as the average voter's thought is pre-scientific, a politician dare not say: 'I am inclined to think the tariff on imported glass should be raised. I am not sure if this is a sound policy; however, I am going to try it. After two years, if I do not find its results satisfactory, I shall certainly press for its reduction or even removal.'

Nevertheless, the successful politician often acts in very much that way, and quite calmly goes back on his policy of a year ago. His enemies accuse him of broken pledges; his friends describe him as an inspired opportunist. In England and the United States the 5 two-party system permits a government to remedy the grosser mistakes of its predecessors, while continuing their successful policies without too great a show of enthusiasm. The tacit agreement to this effect between the party leaders gives our politics a certain air 10 of unreality, and many of those who seek for truth in the mouths of politicians turn with relief to Russia. The government of the Soviet Union not only admits but boasts that its policy is experimental. Many items in its early programme were failures, and some of these 15 have been withdrawn. Others equally daring in their conception have proved successful. Hence the evolution of the new social order has been amazingly rapid. The Communist party has been in power for less than ten years, but it has contrived to evolve a fairly stable 20 system combining some of the advantages of capitalism and socialism. No doubt the Russian people has proved an ideal subject for large-scale experiments. But the growing distrust of constitutional government in Europe suggests that there, too, the present genera- 25 tion is more prepared to be experimented on than were its fathers. And if we are to escape the despotism which will follow a revolution either to the Left or the Right, our present rulers and those who support them will be well advised explicitly to imitate the 30 extremely capable Bolshevik leaders, and adopt an experimental method.

In the sphere of ethics the same principles must, I believe, be applied. The circumstances postulated by the older ethical codes have ceased to exist. In a more primitive community our most obvious duty was quite literally to our neighbour. In a village we knew our neighbour's affairs pretty well, and if we did not always succeed in loving him as ourself we could pretty often be of assistance to him. In a great city one may have a department-store on the left and a man one never meets on the right. An occasional gift to charity or even an evening a week spent on welfare work in a poorer quarter is not the psychological equivalent of taking in Mrs. Johnson's children during her illness and going to the assistance of Mrs. Kelly when her husband comes home drunk. All through the civilized world experiments are being made as to how best to help one's fellow-creatures without falling into hard officialism on the one hand or indiscriminate gifts to the undeserving on the other. The mere multiplicity of these experiments goes to show how few of them have been completely successful.

Again, the invention of contraceptive methods and the economic emancipation of women have created new problems in sexual morality. If a given action has different consequences now from those which would have followed fifty years ago, it is from the ethical point of view a different action. Contraception is leading to experiments on rather a large scale in Europe; and most of them, like most laboratory experiments, are unsuccessful. Married women are discovering that no children or a single child seldom leads to happiness; unmarried women who try the

experiment rarely find satisfaction in a multitude of lovers. On the other hand, a spacing out of child-births is generally found to be advantageous for all concerned, and there is a small but perhaps a growing body of experience favouring an experimental honey-⁵ moon before marriage in lands where divorce is difficult, and an experimental period of marriage where it can easily be dissolved. The public discussion of such topics generally leads to the promulgation by both sides of dogmatically held opinions and a failure to¹⁰ realize that the questions at issue can only be decided by experience. This failure is unfortunate for two reasons. It means that many more experiments in behaviour, often of a disastrous type, will be needed before the question is cleared up, than would be the¹⁵ case if a serious attempt were being made to collate the results of those going on today. And it is extraordinarily difficult to love one's neighbour when he or she differs from one fundamentally on moral issues, though quite possible to do so if one believes that he²⁰ or she has made an unfortunate mistake in conduct because of uncertainty as to what, under the new conditions, was right or wrong.

Such then is the case, or rather a fragment of the case, for doubt. It is very nearly the same as the²⁵ case for freedom of speech. Plato described thought as the dialogue of the soul with itself, and doubt is just a refusal to deprive either side of a hearing. Just as freedom of speech facilitates right action by the State, provided the speakers and those who listen to³⁰ them have a share in deciding policy, so doubt is a virtue if, and only if, it is the prelude to action. A

merely negative doubt is like freedom of speech divorced from political responsibility. This was the condition of affairs in India in the ten years before 1919, when the Indian politicians were permitted to talk indefinitely, but possessed no effective share in the government. India is barely beginning to recover from the type of political thinking which flourished during that unfortunate epoch.

There are some who will admit that doubt may be a necessity in a scientific era, but hold that art and literature flourish best in an age of faith when they become the interpreters of a great religious or philosophical system rather than the symptoms of intellectual unrest. While such opponents bring forward Dante and the architects of the European cathedrals, forgetting Milton and Phidias, I shall do no more than cite the opinion of John Keats in a letter to his brother: 'Dilke is a man who cannot feel he has a personal identity unless he has made up his mind about everything. The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts, not a select party.' Keats certainly did not strengthen his intellect at the expense of his æsthetic powers, and his *Hyperion* is little more than an account of the supersession of good ideas by better, a process which, as he showed, so far from stifling art, may inspire it.

Finally, I shall perhaps be told that I am preaching pragmatism. But where the pragmatist says that a belief is true because it works, I have attempted to suggest that it is often false although it works, and that

belief is not, as James preached, a necessary preliminary to effective action. And where the pragmatist exalts the will to believe, I have attacked it. The desire for intellectual certitude is laudable in the young, as a stimulus to thought and learning; in the adult 5 it easily becomes a vice. History, when it is taught as the history of human thought, makes it abundantly clear that most of the intellectual certitudes of our forefathers were illusory, though often of temporary value. One intellectual certitude has from time to 10 time been replaced by another at the expense of a sufficient number of martyrs. So long as our education aims at inculcating dogmas, religious, political, ethical, or scientific, fresh relays of martyrs will be necessary for every step of human progress. And while I do not 15 suggest that humanity will ever be able to dispense with its martyrs, I cannot avoid the suspicion that with a little more thought and a little less belief their number may be substantially reduced.

To sum up, science has owed its wonderful progress 20 very largely to the habit of doubting all theories, even those on which one's action is founded. The motto of the Royal Society, 'Nullius in verba,' which may be paraphrased 'We take nobody's word for it', is a sound rule in the other departments of life. The example of 25 science shows that it is no check on action. Its general adoption would immeasurably hasten human progress.

XIII

SENSITIVITY

BY SIR FRANCIS GALTON

[OF the distinguished scientists of his generation, Galton's spirit and style seem nearest those of today, so a sample of his stimulating work is included here. It is taken from *Inquiries into Human Faculty* published in 1883, which the writer introducing a later
5 edition says 'became the starting-point of that recent movement of National Eugenics'. Influenced by his cousin's (Charles Darwin) book *The Origin of Species* he began researches into the heritability of genius, publishing on that subject first in 1869. This led him to eugenics, a science of which he is the recognized
10 founder.]

He represents a type of scientific observer of which we require many more than we have in India today. He was a very alert observer, interpreted his observations with an acute brain and used his faculties for the benefit of the society he adorned.
15 Full of energy, he had a passion for work, which is reflected in this book. The *Inquiries* can be dipped into anywhere and it is easy reading. It has stimulated many generations of eager undergraduates.]

THE only information that reaches us concerning
20 outward events appears to pass through the avenue of our senses; and the more perceptive the senses are of difference, the larger is the field upon which our judgement and intelligence can act. Sensation mounts through a series of grades of 'just perceptible differ-
25 ences'. It starts from the zero of consciousness, and it becomes more intense as the stimulus increases

(though at a slower rate) up to the point when the stimulus is so strong as to begin to damage the nerve apparatus. It then yields place to pain, which is another form of sensation, and which continues until the nerve apparatus is destroyed. Two persons may 5 be equally able just to hear the same faint sound, and they may equally begin to be pained by the same loud sound, and yet they may differ as to the number of intermediate grades of sensation. The grades will be less numerous as the organization is of a lower order, 10 and the keenest sensation possible to it will in consequence be less intense. An artist who is capable of discriminating more differences of tint than another man is not necessarily more capable of seeing clearly in twilight, or more or less intolerant of sunshine. A 15 musician is not necessarily able to hear very faint sounds, nor to be more startled by loud sounds than others are. A mechanic who works hard with heavy tools and has rough and grimy thumbs, insensible to very slight pressures, may yet have a singularly dis- 20 criminating power of touch in respect to the pressures that he can feel.

The discriminative faculty of idiots is curiously low; they hardly distinguish between heat and cold, and their sense of pain is so obtuse that some of the more 25 idiotic seem hardly to know what it is. In their dull lives, such pain as can be excited in them may literally be accepted with a welcome surprise. During a visit to Earlswood Asylum I saw two boys whose toe-nails had grown into the flesh and had been excised by the 30 surgeon. This is a horrible torture to ordinary persons, but the idiot lads were said to have shown no distress

during the operation; it was not necessary to hold them, and they looked rather interested at what was being done.¹ I also saw a boy with the scar of a severe wound on his wrist; the story being that he
5 had first burned himself slightly by accident, and, liking the keenness of the new sensation, he took the next opportunity of repeating the experience, but, idiot-like, he overdid it.

The trials I have as yet made on the sensitivity of
10 different persons confirms the reasonable expectation that it would on the whole be highest among the intellectually ablest. At first, owing to my confusing the quality of which I am speaking with that of nervous irritability, I fancied that women of delicate nerves
15 who are distressed by noise, sunshine, etc., would have acute powers of discrimination. But this I found not to be the case. In morbidly sensitive persons both pain and sensation are induced by lower stimuli than in the healthy, but the number of just perceptible
20 grades of sensation between them is not necessarily different.

I found as a rule that men have more delicate powers of discrimination than women, and the business experience of life seems to confirm this view. The
25 tuners of pianofortes are men, and so I understand are the tasters of tea and wine, the sorters of wool, and the like. These latter occupations are well salaried, because it is of the first moment to the merchant that he should be rightly advised on the real
30 value of what he is about to purchase or to sell. If

¹ See 'Remarks on Idiocy', by E. W. Graham, M.D., *Medical Journal*, January 16, 1875

the sensitivity of women were superior to that of men, the self-interest of merchants would lead to their being always employed; but as the reverse is the case, the opposite supposition is likely to be the true one.

Ladies rarely distinguish the merits of wine at the 5 dinner-table, and though custom allows them to preside at the breakfast-table, men think them on the whole to be far from successful makers of tea and coffee.

Blind persons are reputed to have acquired in com- 10
pensation for the loss of their eyesight an increased
acuteness in their other senses; I was therefore curious
to make some trials with my test apparatus, which
I will describe in the next chapter. I was permitted
to do so on a number of boys at a large educational 15
blind asylum, but found that, although they were
anxious to do their best, their performances were by
no means superior to those of other boys. It so
happened that the blind lads who showed the most
delicacy of touch and won the little prizes I offered 20
to excite emulation, barely reached the mediocrity
of the various sighted lads of the same age whom I
had previously tested. I have made not a few
observations and inquiries, and find that the guidance
of the blind depends mainly on the multitude of 25
collateral indications to which they give much heed,
and not in their superior sensitivity to any one of
them. Those who see do not care for so many of these
collateral indications, and habitually overlook and
neglect several of them. I am convinced also that 30
not a little of the popular belief concerning the
sensitivity of the blind is due to exaggerated claims

on their part that have not been verified. Two instances of this have fallen within my own experience, in both of which the blind persons claimed to have the power of judging by the echo of their voice and
5 by certain other feelings, the one when they were approaching objects, even though the object was so small as a handrail, and the other to tell how far the door of the room in which he was standing was open. I used all the persuasion I could to induce each of these
10 persons to allow me to put their assertions to the test; but it was of no use. The one made excuses, the other positively refused. They had probably the same tendency that others would have who happened to be defective in any faculty that their comrades possessed,
15 to fight bravely against their disadvantage, and at the same time to be betrayed into some overvaunting of their capacities in other directions. They would be a little conscious of this, and would therefore shrink from being tested.

20 The power of reading by touch is not so very wonderful. A former Lord Chancellor of England, the late Lord Hatherley, when he was advanced in years, lost his eyesight for some time owing to a cataract, which was not ripe to be operated on. He assured me that
25 he had then learned and practised reading by touch very rapidly. This fact may perhaps also serve as additional evidence of the sensitivity of able men.

Notwithstanding many travellers' tales, I have thus far been unsuccessful in obtaining satisfactory evidence
30 of any general large superiority of the senses of savages over those of civilized men. My own experience, so far as it goes, of Hottentots, Damaras, and some other

wild races, went to show that their sense discrimination was not superior to those of white men, even as regards keenness of eyesight. An offhand observer is apt to err by assigning to a single cause what is partly due to others as well. Thus, as regards eyesight, a 5 savage who is accustomed to watch oxen grazing at a distance becomes so familiar with their appearance and habits that he can identify particular animals and draw conclusions as to what they are doing with an accuracy that may seem to strangers to be wholly 10 dependent on exceptional acuteness of vision. A sailor has the reputation of keen sight because he sees a distant coast when a landsman cannot make it out; the fact being that the landsman usually expects a different appearance to what he has really to look 15 for, such as a very minute and sharp outline instead of a large, faint blur. In a short time a landsman becomes quite as quick as a sailor, and in some test experiments¹ he was found on the average to be distinctly the superior. It is not surprising that this 20 should be so, as sailors in vessels of moderate size have hardly ever the practice of focusing their eyes sharply upon objects farther off than the length of the vessel or the top of the mast, say at a distance of fifty paces. The horizon itself as seen from the deck, and under 25 the most favourable circumstances, is barely four miles off, and there is no sharpness of outline in the intervening waves. Besides this, the life of a sailor is very unhealthy, as shown by his growing old prematurely,

¹ Gould's *Military and Anthropological Statistics*, p. 530. New York, 1869.

and his eyes must be much tried by foul weather and salt spray.

We inherit our language from barbarous ancestors, and it shows traces of its origin in the imperfect ways
5 by which grades of difference admit of being expressed. Suppose a pedestrian is asked whether the knapsack on his back feels heavy. He cannot find a reply in two words that cover more varieties than (1) very heavy, (2) rather heavy, (3) moderate, (4) rather light,
10 (5) very light. I once took considerable pains in the attempt to draw up verbal scales of more than five orders of magnitude, using those expressions only that every cultivated person would understand in the same sense; but I did not succeed. A series that satisfied
15 one person was not interpreted in the same sense by another.

The general intention of this chapter has been to show that a delicate power of sense discrimination is an attribute of a high race, and that it has not the
20 drawback of being necessarily associated with nervous irritability.

SEQUENCE OF TEST WEIGHTS

I will now describe an apparatus I have constructed to test the delicacy with which weights may be
25 discriminated by handling them. I do so because the principle on which it is based may be adopted in apparatus for testing other senses, and its description and the conditions of its use will illustrate the desiderata and difficulties of all such investigations.
30 A series of test weights is a simple enough idea—the difficulty lies in determining the particular sequence of

weights that should be employed. Mine form a geometric series, for the reason that when stimuli of all kinds increase by geometric grades the sensations they give rise to will increase by arithmetic grades, so long as the stimulus is neither so weak as to be barely 5 felt, nor so strong as to excite fatigue. My apparatus, which is explained more fully in the Appendix, consists of a number of common gun cartridge cases filled with alternate layers of shot, wool, and wadding, and then closed in the usual way. They are all 10 identical in appearance, and may be said to differ only in their specific gravities. They are marked in numerical sequence with the register numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc., but their weights are proportioned to the numbers of which 1, 2, 3, etc., are the logarithms, and con- 15 sequently run in a geometric series. Hence the numbers of the weights form a scale of equal degrees of sensitivity. If a person can just distinguish between the weights numbered 1 and 3, he can also just distinguish between 2 and 4, 3 and 5, and any other 20 pair of weights of which the register number of the one exceeds that of the other by 2. Again, his coarseness of discrimination is exactly double of that of another person who can just distinguish pairs of weights differing only by 1, such as 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 25 3 and 4, and so on. The testing is performed by handing pairs of weights to the operatee until his power of discrimination is approximately made out, and then to proceed more carefully. It is best now, for reasons stated in the Appendix, to hand to the operatee 30 sequences of three weights at a time, after shuffling them. These he has to arrange in their proper order,

with his eyes shut, and by the sense of their weight alone. The operator finally records the scale interval that the operatee can just appreciate, as being the true measure of the coarseness (or the inverse measure of
5 the delicacy) of the sensitivity of the operatee.

It is somewhat tedious to test many persons in succession, but any one can test his own powers at odd and end times with ease and nicety, if he happens to have ready access to suitable apparatus.

- 10 The use of tests, which, objectively speaking, run in a geometric series, and subjectively in an arithmetic one, may be applied to touch, by the use of wire-work of various degrees of fineness; to taste, by stock bottles of solutions of salt, etc. of various strengths;
15 to smell, by bottles of attar of rose, etc., in various degrees of dilution.

- The tests show the sensitivity at the time they are made, and give an approximate measure of the discrimination with which the operatee habitually
20 employs his senses. It does not measure his capacity for discrimination, because the discriminative faculty admits of much education, and the test results always show increased delicacy after a little practice. However, the requirements of everyday life educate all our
25 faculties in some degree, and I have not found the performances with test weights to improve much after a little familiarity with their use. The weights have, as it were, to be played with at first, then they must be tried carefully on three or four separate occasions.
- 30 I did not at first find it at all an easy matter to make test weights so alike as to differ in no other appreciable respect than in their specific gravity, and

if they differ and become known apart, the knowledge so acquired will vitiate future judgements in various indirect ways. Similarity in outward shape and touch was ensured by the use of mechanically-made cartridge cases; dissimilarity through any external stain was 5 rendered of no hindrance to the experiment by making the operatee handle them in a bag or with his eyes shut. Two bodies may, however, be alike in weight and outward appearance and yet behave differently when otherwise mechanically tested, and, consequently, 10 when they are handled. For example, take two eggs, one raw and the other hard boiled, and spin them on the table; press the finger for a moment upon either of them whilst it is still spinning: if it be the hard-boiled egg it will stop as dead as a stone: if it be the 15 raw egg, after a little apparent hesitation, it will begin again to rotate. The motion of its shell had alone been stopped; the internal part was still rotating and this compelled the shell to follow it. Owing to this cause, when we handle the two eggs, the one feels 20 'quick' and the other does not. Similarly with the cartridges, when one is rather more loosely packed than the others the difference is perceived on handling them. Or it may have one end heavier than the other, or else its weight may not be equally distributed round its 25 axis, causing it to rest on the table with the same part always lowermost; differences due to these causes are also easily perceived when handling the cartridges. Again, one of two similar cartridges may balance perfectly in all directions, but the weight of one of them 30 may be disposed too much towards the ends, as in a dumb-bell, or gathered too much towards the centre.

The period of oscillation will differ widely in the two cases, as may be shown by suspending the cartridges by strings round their middle so that they shall hang horizontally, and then by a slight tap making them
5 spin to and fro round the string as an axis.

The touch is very keen in distinguishing all these peculiarities. I have mentioned them, and might have added more, to show that experiments on sensitivity have to be made in the midst of pitfalls
10 warily to be avoided. Our apparently simplest perceptions are very complex. We hardly ever act on the information given by only one element of one sense, and our sensitivity in any desired direction cannot be rightly determined except by carefully-devised
15 apparatus judiciously used.

XIV

MYSTICAL RELIGION

BY SIR A. S. EDDINGTON

[I WELL remember the first of this famous series of lectures that I attended in the early days of 1927. The Gifford Lectures are commonly 'caviare to the general' so I was amazed when I entered the large lecturing-hall to find it crowded with people of all ages and of the most diverse academic interests. The nature 5 of the audience itself was a delight and it was irresistible to whisper to the medievalist whom I accompanied that such an audience must have listened to Abelard.

The lecture was a triumph of exposition. Unfamiliar conceptions, abstruse problems and difficult ideas by some magic of 10 language became clear. We were led into strange worlds and led to understand them.

This passage, which comes at the very end of the lectures, is chosen because it is on the strange territory, between the exact sciences and metaphysics and the spiritual certainty we call 15 mysticism, which is being explored with increasing activity.]

WE have seen that the cyclic scheme of physics presupposes a background outside the scope of its investigations. In this background we must find, first, our own personality and then perhaps a greater 20 personality. The idea of a universal Mind or Logos would be, I think, a fairly plausible inference from the present state of scientific theory; at least it is in harmony with it. But if so, all that our inquiry justifies us in asserting is a purely colourless pantheism. 25 Science cannot tell whether the world-spirit is good or

evil, and its halting argument for the existence of a God might equally well be turned into an argument for the existence of a Devil.

I think that that is an example of the limitation of
5 physical schemes that has troubled us before—namely,
that in all such schemes opposites are represented
by + and - . Past and future, cause and effect, are
represented in this inadequate way. One of the
greatest puzzles of science is to discover why protons
10 and electrons are not simply the opposites of one
another, although our whole conception of electric
charge requires that positive and negative electricity
should be related like + and - . The direction of
time's arrow could only be determined by that
15 incongruous mixture of theology and statistics known
as the second law of thermodynamics; or, to be more
explicit, the direction of the arrow could be determined
by statistical rules, but its significance as a governing
fact 'making sense of the world' could only be deduced
20 on teleological assumptions. If physics cannot deter-
mine which way up its own world ought to be regarded,
there is not much hope of guidance from it as to ethical
orientation. We trust to some inward sense of fitness
when we orient the physical world with the future on
25 top, and likewise we must trust to some inner monitor
when we orient the spiritual world with the good on
top.

Granted that physical science has limited its scope
so as to leave a background which we are at liberty
30 to, or even invited to, fill with a reality of spiritual
import, we have yet to face the most difficult criticism
from science. 'Here,' says science, 'I have left a

domain in which I shall not interfere. I grant that you have some kind of avenue to it through the self-knowledge of consciousness, so that it is not necessarily a domain of pure agnosticism. But how are you going to deal with this domain? Have you any system of 5 inference from mystic experience comparable to the system by which science develops a knowledge of the outside world? I do not insist on your employing my method, which I acknowledge is inapplicable; but you ought to have some defensible method. The 10 alleged basis of experience may possibly be valid; but have I any reason to regard the religious interpretation currently given to it as anything more than muddleheaded romancing?

The question is almost beyond my scope. I can only 15 acknowledge its pertinence. Although I have chosen the lightest task by considering only mystical religion—and I have no impulse to defend any other—I am not competent to give an answer which shall be anything like complete. It is obvious that the insight of con- 20 sciousness, although the only avenue to what I have called *intimate* knowledge of the reality behind the symbols of science, is not to be trusted implicitly without control. In history religious mysticism has often been associated with extravagances that cannot be 25 approved. I suppose too that oversensitiveness to æsthetic influences may be a sign of a neurotic temperament unhealthy to the individual. We must allow something for the pathological condition of the brain in what appear to be moments of exalted insight. One 30 begins to fear that after all our faults have been detected and removed there will not be any 'us' left.

But in the study of the physical world we have ultimately to rely on our sense-organs, although they are capable of betraying us by gross illusions; similarly the avenue of consciousness into the spiritual world
5 may be beset with pitfalls, but that does not necessarily imply that no advance is possible.

A point that must be insisted on is that religion or contact with spiritual power if it has any general importance at all must be a commonplace matter of
10 ordinary life, and it should be treated as such in any discussion. I hope that you have not interpreted my references to mysticism as referring to abnormal experiences and revelations. I am not qualified to discuss what evidential value (if any) may be attached
15 to the stranger forms of experience and insight. But in any case to suppose that mystical religion is mainly concerned with these is like supposing that Einstein's theory is mainly concerned with the perihelion of Mercury and a few other exceptional observations. For
20 a matter belonging to daily affairs the tone of current discussions often seems quite inappropriately pedantic.

As scientists we realize that colour is merely a question of the wave-lengths of ethereal vibrations; but that does not seem to have dispelled the feeling that
25 eyes which reflect light near wave-length 4800 are a subject for rhapsody whilst those which reflect wave-length 5300 are left unsung. We have not yet reached the practice of the Laputans, who, 'if they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other
30 animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms.' The materialist who is convinced that all phenomena arise

from electrons and quanta and the like controlled by mathematical formulæ, must presumably hold the belief that his wife is a rather elaborate differential equation; but he is probably tactful enough not to obtrude this opinion in domestic life. If this kind of scientific 5 dissection is felt to be inadequate and irrelevant in ordinary personal relationships, it is surely out of place in the most personal relationship of all—that of the human soul to the divine spirit.

We are anxious for perfect truth, but it is hard to 10 say in what form perfect truth is to be found. I cannot quite believe that it has the form typified by an inventory. Somehow as part of its perfection there should be incorporated in it that which we esteem as a 'sense of proportion'. The physicist is not conscious 15 of any disloyalty to truth on occasions when his sense of proportion tells him to regard a plank as continuous material, well knowing that it is 'really' empty space containing sparsely scattered electric charges. And the deepest philosophical researches as to the nature of 20 the Deity may give a conception equally out of proportion for daily life; so that we should rather employ a conception that was unfolded nearly two thousand years ago.

I am standing on the threshold about to enter a 25 room. It is a complicated business. In the first place I must shove against an atmosphere pressing with a force of fourteen pounds on every square inch of my body. I must make sure of landing on a plank traveling at twenty miles a second round the sun—a fraction 30 of a second too early or too late, the plank would be miles away. I must do this whilst hanging from a

round planet head outward into space, and with a wind of ether blowing at no one knows how many miles a second through every interstice of my body. The plank has no solidity of substance. To step on it is
5 like stepping on a swarm of flies. Shall I not slip through? No, if I make the venture one of the flies hits me and gives a boost up again; I fall again and am knocked upwards by another fly; and so on. I may hope that the net result will be that I remain
10 about steady; but if unfortunately I should slip through the floor or be boosted too violently up to the ceiling, the occurrence would be, not a violation of the laws of Nature, but a rare coincidence. These are some of the minor difficulties. I ought really to look
15 at the problem four-dimensionally as concerning the intersection of my world-line with that of the plank. Then again it is necessary to determine in which direction the entropy of the world is increasing in order to make sure that my passage over the threshold is an
20 entrance, not an exit.

Verily, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a scientific man to pass through a door. And whether the door be barn door or church door it might be wiser that he should consent to be an
25 ordinary man and walk in rather than wait till all the difficulties involved in a really scientific ingress are resolved.

PART IV : THE LITERARY ASPECT

XV

ON NOVELS, ETC.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

[THE publication in 1883 of this *Autobiography*, of this queer, bleak textbook of the mechanics and economics of novel-writing, was perhaps the most potent of the several causes that led to the collapse of Anthony Trollope as a literary reputation. In its original form the book was never reprinted. From the date 5 when the first edition was sold out to the present time Trollope's *Autobiography* has been unobtainable. It made its posthumous appearance, extinguished its author's good name for a quarter of a century, and vanished. But now it reappears, and by its very intransigence and assertive bluntness may be expected to 10 remake more than it ever unmade, to re-establish more effectively than ever it disestablished, the fame of the man who wrote it and of the long list of wise, tender, and unpretentious novels he created.]

This is the opening paragraph of Michael Sadleir's introduction 15 to the 'World's Classics' reprint. 'The present time' was 1923 and it coincided with a general revival of Trollope's popularity. The economics of novel-writing for Trollope were studying his market and making ten lakhs in twenty years from his writing. The mechanics hurt his audience more: they had been so sure 20 that any one who wrote so realistically about clergymen and their families in a cathedral city must have lived in that society intimately. Instead, they discovered that he never had and that he was a post office official with a passion for foxhunting.

He wrote his first novel while sailing to Egypt where he was 25 going to accelerate the transshipment of mails to India. Still more annoying was the revelation that novel-writing is very much exhausting drudgery which he kept himself to with his watch in front of him as he wrote.

The autobiography is the best in the language. The steady stream of sentences showing the practised pen and the unfaltering honesty is very delightful. We may not agree with all he says about the novel but he introduces the right questions and makes
5 all the essentials interestingly debatable.]

I DID intend when I meditated that history of English fiction to include within its pages some rules for the writing of novels;—or I might perhaps say, with more modesty, to offer some advice on the art to such
10 tyros in it as might be willing to take advantage of the experience of an old hand. But the matter would, I fear, be too long for this episode, and I am not sure that I have as yet got the rules quite settled in my own mind. I will, however, say a few words on one or two
15 points which my own practice has pointed out to me.

I have from the first felt sure that the writer, when he sits down to commence his novel, should do so, not because he has to tell a story, but because he has a story to tell. The novelist's first novel will generally
20 have sprung from the right cause. Some series of events, or some development of character, will have presented itself to his imagination,—and this he feels so strongly that he thinks he can present his picture in strong and agreeable language to others. He sits
25 down and tells his story because he has a story to tell; as you, my friend, when you have heard something which has at once tickled your fancy or moved your pathos, will hurry to tell it to the first person you meet. But when that first novel has been received graciously
30 by the public and has made for itself a success, then the writer, naturally feeling that the writing of novels is within his grasp, looks about for something to tell

in another. He cudgels his brains, not always successfully, and sits down to write, not because he has something which he burns to tell, but because he feels it to be incumbent on him to be telling something. As you, my friend, if you are very successful in the telling of 5 that first story, will become ambitious of further story-telling, and will look out for anecdotes,—in the narration of which you will not improbably sometimes distress your audience.

So it has been with many novelists, who, after some 10 good work, perhaps after very much good work, have distressed their audience because they have gone on with their work till their work has become simply a trade with them. Need I make a list of such, seeing that it would contain the names of those who have 15 been greatest in the art of British novel-writing. They have at last become weary of that portion of a novelist's work which is of all the most essential to success. That a man as he grows old should feel the labour of writing to be a fatigue is natural enough. 20 But a man to whom writing has become a habit may write well though he be fatigued. But the weary novelist refuses any longer to give his mind to that work of observation and reception from which has come his power, without which work his power cannot be 25 continued,—which work should be going on not only when he is at his desk, but in all his walks abroad, in all his movements through the world, in all his intercourse with his fellow-creatures. He has become a novelist, as another has become a poet, because he has 30 in those walks abroad, unconsciously for the most part, been drawing in matter from all that he has seen and

heard. But this has not been done without labour, even when the labour has been unconscious. Then there comes a time when he shuts his eyes and shuts his ears. When we talk of memory fading as age comes
5 on, it is such shutting of eyes and ears that we mean. The things around cease to interest us, and we cannot exercise our minds upon them. To the novelist thus wearied there comes the demand for further novels. He does not know his own defect, and even if he did
10 he does not wish to abandon his own profession. He still writes; but he writes because he has to tell a story, not because he has a story to tell. What reader of novels has not felt the 'woodenness' of this mode of telling? The characters do not live and move, but are
15 cut out of blocks and are propped against the wall. The incidents are arranged in certain lines—the arrangement being as palpable to the reader as it has been to the writer—but do not follow each other as results naturally demanded by previous action. The
20 reader can never feel—as he ought to feel—that only for that flame of the eye, only for that angry word, only for that moment of weakness, all might have been different. The course of the tale is one piece of stiff mechanism, in which there is no room for a doubt.

25 These, it may be said, are reflections which I, being an old novelist, might make useful to myself for discontinuing my work, but can hardly be needed by those tyros of whom I have spoken. That they are applicable to myself I readily admit, but I also find that
30 they apply to many beginners. Some of us who are old fail at last because we are old. It would be well that each of us should say to himself,

*Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus.*

But many young fail also, because they endeavour to tell stories when they have none to tell. And this comes from idleness rather than from innate incapacity. 5 The mind has not been sufficiently at work, when the tale has been commenced, nor is it kept sufficiently at work as the tale is continued. I have never troubled myself much about the construction of plots, and am not now insisting specially on thoroughness in a branch 10 of work in which I myself have not been very thorough. I am not sure that the construction of a perfected plot has been at any period within my power. But the novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquaint- 15 ed with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of 20 established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of 25 them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true, and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men 30 and women change,—become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them,—so should

these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have 5 aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling;—but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood.

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. 10 There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; 15 of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass. That I shall feel it when I ought to feel it, I will by no means say. I do 20 not know that I am at all wiser than Gil Blas' canon; but I do know that the power indicated is one without which the teller of tales cannot tell them to any good effect.

The language in which the novelist is to put forth 25 his story, the colours with which he is to paint his picture, must of course be to him matter of much consideration. Let him have all other possible gifts,—imagination, observation, erudition, and history,—they will avail him nothing for his purpose, unless he 30 can put forth his work in pleasant words. If he be confused, tedious, harsh, or unharmonious, readers will certainly reject him. The reading of a volume of

history or on science may represent itself as a duty; and though the duty may by a bad style be made very disagreeable, the conscientious reader will perhaps perform it. But the novelist will be assisted by no such feeling. Any reader may reject his work without the 5 burden of a sin. It is the first necessity of his position that he make himself pleasant. To do this, much more is necessary than to write correctly. He may indeed be pleasant without being correct,—as I think can be proved by the works of more than one distinguished 10 novelist. But he must be intelligible,—intelligible without trouble; and he must be harmonious.

Any writer who has read even a little will know what is meant by the word intelligible. It is not sufficient that there be a meaning that may be hammered out of 15 the sentence, but that the language should be so pellucid that the meaning should be rendered without an effort of the reader;—and not only some proposition of meaning, but the very sense, no more and no less, which the writer has intended to put into his words. 20 What Macaulay says should be remembered by all writers: ‘How little the all-important art of making meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular author except myself thinks of it.’ The language used should be as ready and as efficient a conductor of the 25 mind of the writer to the mind of the reader as is the electric spark which passes from one battery to another battery. In all written matter the spark should carry everything; but in matters recondite the recipient will search to see that he misses nothing, and that he takes 30 nothing away too much. The novelist cannot expect that any such search will be made. A young writer,

who will acknowledge the truth of what I am saying, will often feel himself tempted by the difficulties of language to tell himself that some one little doubtful passage, some single collocation of words, which is not
5 quite what it ought to be, will not matter. I know well what a stumbling-block such a passage may be. But he should leave none such behind him as he goes on. The habit of writing clearly soon comes to the writer who is a severe critic to himself.

10 As to that harmonious expression which I think is required, I shall find it more difficult to express my meaning. It will be granted, I think, by readers that a style may be rough, and yet both forcible and intelligible ; but it will seldom come to pass that a
15 novel written in a rough style will be popular,—and less often that a novelist who habitually uses such a style will become so. The harmony which is required must come from the practice of the ear. There are few ears naturally so dull that they cannot, if time be
20 allowed to them, decide whether a sentence, when read, be or be not harmonious. And the sense of such harmony grows on the ear, when the intelligence has once informed itself as to what is, and what is not harmonious. The boy, for instance, who learns with
25 accuracy the prosody of a Sapphic stanza, and has received through his intelligence a knowledge of its parts, will soon tell by his ear whether a Sapphic stanza be or be not correct. Take a girl endowed with gifts of music, well instructed in her art, with perfect
30 ear, and read to her such a stanza with two words transposed, as for instance—

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion *canendo lapides*,
Tuque testudo resonare septem
Callida nervis—

and she will find no halt in the rhythm. But a school- 5
boy with none of her musical acquirements or capacities, who has, however, become familiar with the metres of the poet, will at once discover the fault. And so will the writer become familiar with what is harmonious in prose. But in order that familiarity 10
may serve him in his business, he must so train his ear that he shall be able to weigh the rhythm of every word as it falls from his pen. This, when it has been done for a time, even for a short time, will become so habitual to him that he will have appreciated the 15
metrical duration of every syllable before it shall have dared to show itself upon paper. The art of the orator is the same. He knows beforehand how each sound which he is about to utter will affect the force of his climax. If a writer will do so he will charm his 20
readers, though his readers will probably not know how they have been charmed.

In writing a novel the author soon becomes aware that a burden of many pages is before him. Circumstances require that he should cover a certain and 25
generally not a very confined space. Short novels are not popular with readers generally. Critics often complain of the ordinary length of novels,—of the three volumes to which they are subjected; but few novels which have attained great success in England have 30
been told in fewer pages. The novel-writer who sticks to novel-writing as his profession will certainly find that this burden of length is incumbent on him. How

shall he carry his burden to the end? How shall he cover his space? Many great artists have by their practice opposed the doctrine which I now propose to preach;—but they have succeeded I think in spite of
5 their fault and by dint of their greatness. There should be no episodes in a novel. Every sentence, every word, through all those pages, should tend to the telling of the story. Such episodes distract the attention of the reader, and always do so disagreeably. Who
10 has not felt this to be the case even with *The Curious Impertinent* and with the *History of the Man of the Hill*. And if it be so with Cervantes and Fielding, who can hope to succeed? Though the novel which you have to write must be long, let it be all one. And
15 this exclusion of episodes should be carried down into the smallest details. Every sentence and every word used should tend to the telling of the story. ‘But,’ the young novelist will say, ‘with so many pages before me to be filled, how shall I succeed if I thus confine my-
20 self;—how am I to know beforehand what space this story of mine will require? There must be the three volumes, or the certain number of magazine pages which I have contracted to supply. If I may not be discursive should occasion require, how shall I complete
25 my task? The painter suits the size of his canvas to his subject, and must I in my art stretch my subject to my canvas?’ This undoubtedly must be done by the novelist; and if he will learn his business, may be done without injury to his effect. He may not paint
30 different pictures on the same canvas, which he will do if he allow himself to wander away to matters outside his own story; but by studying proportion in his work,

he may teach himself so to tell his story that it shall naturally fall into the required length. Though his story should be all one, yet it may have many parts. Though the plot itself may require but few characters, it may be so enlarged as to find its full development in 5 many. There may be subsidiary plots, which shall all tend to the elucidation of the main story, and which will take their places as part of one and the same work,—as there may be many figures on a canvas which shall not to the spectator seem to form themselves into 10 separate pictures.

There is no portion of a novelist's work in which this fault of episodes is so common as in the dialogue. It is so easy to make any two persons talk on any casual subject with which the writer presumes himself to be 15 conversant! Literature, philosophy, politics, or sport, may thus be handled in a loosely discursive style; and the writer, while indulging himself and filling his pages, is apt to think that he is pleasing his reader. I think he can make no greater mistake. The dialogue is 20 generally the most agreeable part of a novel; but it is only so as long as it tends in some way to the telling of the main story. It need not seem to be confined to that, but it should always have a tendency in that direction. The unconscious critical acumen of a reader 25 is both just and severe. When a long dialogue on extraneous matter reaches his mind, he at once feels that he is being cheated into taking something which he did not bargain to accept when he took up that novel. He does not at that moment require politics or 30 philosophy, but he wants his story. He will not perhaps be able to say in so many words that at some

certain point the dialogue has deviated from the story ; but when it does so he will feel it, and the feeling will be unpleasant. Let the intending novel-writer, if he doubt this, read one of Bulwer's novels,—in which there is very much to charm,—and then ask himself whether he has not been offended by devious conversations.

And the dialogue, on which the modern novelist in consulting the taste of his probable readers must depend most, has to be constrained also by other rules.

10 The writer may tell much of his story in conversations, but he may only do so by putting such words into the mouths of his personages as persons so situated would probably use. He is not allowed for the sake of his tale to make his characters give utterance to long

15 speeches, such as are not customarily heard from men and women. The ordinary talk of ordinary people is carried on in short sharp expressive sentences, which very frequently are never completed,—the language of which even among educated people is often incorrect.

20 The novel-writer in constructing his dialogue must so steer between absolute accuracy of language—which would give to his conversation an air of pedantry, and the slovenly inaccuracy of ordinary talkers, which if closely followed would offend by an appearance of

25 grimace—as to produce upon the ear of his readers a sense of reality. If he be quite real he will seem to attempt to be funny. If he be quite correct he will seem to be unreal. And above all, let the speeches be short. No character should utter much above a dozen

30 words at a breath,—unless the writer can justify to himself a longer flood of speech by the speciality of the occasion.

In all this human nature must be the novel-writer's guide. No doubt effective novels have been written in which human nature has been set at defiance. I might name *Caleb Williams* as one and *Adam Blair* as another. But the exceptions are not more than 5 enough to prove the rule. But in following human nature he must remember that he does so with a pen in his hand, and that the reader who will appreciate human nature will also demand artistic ability and literary aptitude. 10

The young novelist will probably ask, or more probably bethink himself how he is to acquire that knowledge of human nature which will tell him with accuracy what men and women would say in this or that position. He must acquire it as the compositor, 15 who is to print his words, has learned the art of distributing his type—by constant and intelligent practice. Unless it be given to him to listen and to observe,—so to carry away, as it were, the manners of people in his memory, as to be able to say to himself with assur- 20 ance that these words might have been said in a given position, and that those other words could not have been said,—I do not think that in these days he can succeed as a novelist.

And then let him beware of creating tedium ! Who 25 has not felt the charm of a spoken story up to a certain point, and then suddenly become aware that it has become too long and is the reverse of charming ? It is not only that the entire book may have this fault, but that this fault may occur in chapters, in passages, in 30 pages, in paragraphs. I know no guard against this so likely to be effective as the feeling of the writer

himself. When once the sense that the thing is becoming long has grown upon him, he may be sure that it will grow upon his readers. I see the smile of some who will declare to themselves that the words of a
5 writer will never be tedious to himself. Of the writer of whom this may be truly said, it may be said with equal truth that he will always be tedious to his readers.

XVI

A PERSONAL RECORD

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

[BY far and away the most popular form of literature today is the novel, and the literature about the novel is now vast. Among this kind, perhaps the most interesting are the statements of novelists themselves on their method of working and on what a novel should be. For example there is much fascinating 5 material in Hardy's notes (found in the biography by his wife), Arnold Bennett's *Journals*, Henry James's Prefaces and this *Personal Record* by Conrad. Conrad here is writing in a holiday humour, so his occasionally quaint use or form of a word and his carefree treatment of history should be allowed for. But 10 there is no nonsense about his telling us how he wrote. That we must take as an intimate and accurate description of his method of creating his scenes and characters.

His style has a special interest, for he was a Pole who learned English late, after being familiar with Romance languages and 15 he exploits the Latin part of the English vocabulary in a way peculiar to himself. The problem he sets himself in his prose constantly is to give the atmosphere of a person or place; even in this passage he sets and solves this problem.]

THE matter in hand, however, is to keep these 20 reminiscences from turning into confessions, a form of literary activity discredited by Jean Jacques Rousseau on account of the extreme thoroughness he brought to the work of justifying his own existence; for that such was his purpose is palpably, even grossly, visible to 25 an unprejudiced eye. But then, you see, the man was .

not a writer of fiction. He was an artless moralist, as is clearly demonstrated by his anniversaries being celebrated with marked emphasis by the heirs of the French Revolution, which was not a political movement at all, but a great outburst of morality. He had no imagination, as the most casual perusal of *Emile* will prove. He was no novelist, whose first virtue is the exact understanding of the limits traced by the reality of his time to the play of his invention. Inspiration comes from the earth, which has a past, a history, a future, not from the cold and immutable heaven. A writer of imaginative prose (even more than any other sort of artist) stands confessed in his works. His conscience, his deeper sense of things, lawful and unlawful, gives him his attitude before the world. Indeed, every one who puts pen to paper for the reading of strangers (unless a moralist, who, generally speaking, has no conscience except the one he is at pains to produce for the use of others) can speak of nothing else. It is M. Anatole France, the most eloquent and just of French prose writers, who says that we must recognize at last that, 'failing the resolution to hold our peace, we can only talk of ourselves.'

This remark, if I remember rightly, was made in the course of a sparring match with the late Ferdinand Brunetiere over the principles and rules of literary criticism. As was fitting for a man to whom we owe the memorable saying, 'The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul amongst masterpieces,' M. Anatole France maintained that there were no rules and no principles. And that may be very true. Rules, principles and standards die and vanish

every day. Perhaps they are all dead and vanished by this time. These, if ever, are the brave, free days of destroyed landmarks, while the ingenious minds are busy inventing the forms of the new beacons which, it is consoling to think, will be set up presently in the old 5 places. But what is interesting to a writer is the possession of an inward certitude that literary criticism will never die, for man (so variously defined) is, before everything else, a critical animal. And, as long as distinguished minds are ready to treat it in the spirit of 10 high adventure, literary criticism shall appeal to us with all the charm and wisdom of a well-told tale of personal experience.

For Englishmen especially, of all the races of the earth, a task, any task, undertaken in an adventurous 15 spirit acquires the merit of romance. But the critics as a rule exhibit but little of an adventurous spirit. They take risks, of course—one can hardly live without that. The daily bread is served out to us (however sparingly) with a pinch of salt. Otherwise one would 20 get sick of the diet one prays for, and that would be not only improper, but impious. From impiety of that or any other kind—save us! An ideal of reserved manner, adhered to from a sense of proprieties, from shyness, perhaps, or caution, or simply from weariness, 25 induces, I suspect, some writers of criticism to conceal the adventurous side of their calling, and then the criticism becomes a mere ‘notice’, as it were the relation of a journey where nothing but the distances and the geology of a new country should be set down; the 30 glimpses of strange beasts, the dangers of flood and field, the hair’s-breadth escapes, and the sufferings

(oh, the sufferings too! I have no doubt of the sufferings) of the traveller being carefully kept out; no shady spot, no fruitful plant being ever mentioned either; so that the whole performance looks like a mere feat of
5 agility on the part of a trained pen running in a desert. A cruel spectacle—a most deplorable adventure. ‘Life,’ in the words of an immortal thinker of, I should say, bucolic origin, but whose perishable name is lost to the worship of posterity—‘life is not all beer and
10 skittles.’ Neither is the writing of novels. It isn’t really. *Je vous donne ma parole d’honneur* that it —is—not. Not all. I am thus emphatic because some years ago, I remember, the daughter of a general. . .

Sudden revelations of the profane world must have
15 come now and then to hermits in their cells, to the cloistered monks of Middle Ages, to lonely sages, men of science, reformers; the revelations of the world’s superficial judgement, shocking to the souls concentrated upon their own bitter labour in the cause of
20 sanctity, or of knowledge, or of temperance, let us say, or of art, if only the art of cracking jokes or playing the flute. And thus this general’s daughter came to me—or I should say one of the general’s daughters did. There were three of these bachelor ladies, of nicely
25 graduated ages, who held a neighbouring farmhouse in a united and more or less military occupation. The eldest warred against the decay of manners in the village children, and executed frontal attacks upon the village mothers for the conquest of curtsseys. It sounds
30 futile, but it was really a war for an idea. The second skirmished and scouted all over the country; and it was that one who pushed a reconnaissance right to my

very table—I mean the one who wore stand-up collars. She was really calling upon my wife in the soft spirit of afternoon friendliness, but with her usual martial determination. She marched into my room swinging her stick . . . but no—I mustn't exaggerate. It is 5 not my speciality. I am not a humoristic writer. In all soberness, then, all I am certain of is that she had a stick to swing.

No ditch or wall encompassed my abode. The window was open; the door too stood open to that best 10 friend of my work, the warm, still sunshine of the wide fields. They lay around me infinitely helpful, but truth to say I had not known for weeks whether the sun shone upon the earth and whether the stars above still moved on their appointed courses. I was just 15 then giving up some days of my allotted span to the last chapters of the novel *Nostromo*, a tale of an imaginary (but true) seaboard, which is still mentioned now and again, and indeed kindly, sometimes in connexion with the word 'failure' and sometimes in 20 conjunction with the word 'astonishing'. I have no opinion on this discrepancy. It's the sort of difference that can never be settled. All I know, is that, for twenty months, neglecting the common joys of life that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I 25 had, like the prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds on the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, 30 of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are, perhaps, strong words, but it is difficult to characterize

- otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world, and to the exclusion of all that
- 5 makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn. For that too is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator, in a great
- 10 isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of over-matched littleness, for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude. Yet a certain longitude, once won, cannot be disputed.
- 15 The sun and the stars and the shape of your earth are the witnesses of your gain; whereas a handful of pages, no matter how much you have made them your own, are at best but an obscure and questionable spoil. Here they are. ‘Failure’—‘Astonishing’; take your
- 20 choice; or perhaps both, or neither—a mere rustle and flutter of pieces of paper settling down in the night, and undistinguishable, like the snowflakes of a great drift destined to melt away in sunshine.
- ‘How do you do?’
- 25 It was the greeting of the general’s daughter. I had heard nothing—no rustle, no footsteps. I had felt only a moment before a sort of premonition of evil; I had the sense of an inauspicious presence—just that much warning and no more; and then came the sound of
- 30 the voice and the jar as of a terrible fall from a great height—a fall, let us say, from the highest of the clouds floating in gentle procession over the fields in the faint

westerly air of that July afternoon. I picked myself up quickly, of course; in other words, I jumped up from my chair stunned and dazed, every nerve quivering with the pain of being uprooted out of one world and flung down into another—perfectly civil. 5

‘Oh! How do you do? Won’t you sit down?’

That’s what I said. This horrible but, I assure you, perfectly true reminiscence tells you more than a whole volume of confessions *à la* Jean-Jacques Rousseau would do. Observe! I didn’t howl at her, or start 10 upsetting furniture, or throw myself on the floor and kick, or allow myself to hint in any other way at the appalling magnitude of the disaster. The whole world of Costaguana (the country, you may remember, of my seaboard tale), men, women, headlands, houses, 15 mountains, town, *campo* (there was not a single brick, stone, or grain of sand of its soil I had not placed in position with my own hands); all the history, geography, politics, finance; the wealth of Charles Gould’s silver-mine, and the splendour of the magnificent 20 Capataz de Cargadores, whose name, cried out in the night (Dr. Monygham heard it pass over his head—in Linda Viola’s voice), dominated even after death the dark gulf containing his conquests of treasure and love—all that had come down crashing about my ears. I 25 felt I could never pick up the pieces—and in that very moment I was saying, ‘Won’t you sit down?’

The sea is strong medicine. Behold what the quarter-deck training even in a merchant ship will do! This episode should give you a new view of the English 30 and Scots seamen (a much-caricatured folk) who had the last say in the formation of my character. One is

nothing if not modest, but in this disaster I think I have done some honour to their simple teaching. 'Won't you sit down?' Very fair; very fair indeed. She sat down. Her amused glance strayed all over the room. There were pages of MS. on the table and under the table, a batch of typed copy on a chair, single leaves had fluttered away into distant corners; there were there living pages, pages scored and wounded, dead pages that would be burnt at the end of the day—the litter of a cruel battlefield, of a long, long and desperate fray. Long! I suppose I went to bed sometimes, and got up the same number of times. Yes, I suppose I slept, and ate the food put before me, and talked connectedly to my household on suitable occasions. But I had never been aware of the even flow of daily life, made easy and noiseless for me by a silent, watchful, tireless affection. Indeed, it seemed to me that I had been sitting at that table surrounded by the litter of a desperate fray for days and nights on end. It seemed so, because of the intense weariness of which that interruption had made me aware—the awful disenchantment of a mind realizing suddenly the futility of an enormous task, joined to a bodily fatigue such as no ordinary amount of fairly heavy physical labour could ever account for. I have carried bags of wheat on my back, bent almost double under a ship's deck-beams, from six in the morning till six in the evening (with an hour and a half off for meals), so I ought to know.

And I love letters. I am jealous of their honour and concerned for the dignity and comeliness of their service. I was, most likely, the only writer that

neat lady had ever caught in the exercise of his craft, and it distressed me not to be able to remember when it was that I dressed myself last, and how. No doubt that would be all right in essentials. The fortune of the house included a pair of grey-blue watchful eyes 5 that would see to that. But I felt somehow as grimy as a Costaguana lepero after a day's fighting in the streets, rumpled all over and dishevelled down to my very heels. And I am afraid I blinked stupidly. All this was bad for the honour of letters and the dignity 10 of their service. Seen indistinctly through the dust of my collapsed universe, the good lady glanced about the room with a slightly amused serenity. And she was smiling. What on earth was she smiling at? She remarked casually :

15

'I am afraid I interrupted you.'

'Not at all.'

She accepted the denial in perfect good faith. And it was strictly true. Interrupted—indeed! She had robbed me of at least twenty lives, each infinitely more 20 poignant and real than her own, because informed with passion, possessed of convictions, involved in great affairs created out of my own substance for an anxiously meditated end.

She remained silent for a while, then said with a 25 last glance all round at the litter of the fray :

'And you sit like this here writing your—your. . .'

'I—what? Oh, yes! I sit here all day.'

'It must be perfectly delightful.'

I suppose that, being no longer very young, I 30 might have been on the verge of having a stroke; but she had left her dog in the porch, and my boy's

dog, patrolling the field in front, had espied him from afar. He came on straight and swift like a cannon-ball, and the noise of the fight, which burst suddenly upon our ears, was more than enough to scare away
5 a fit of apoplexy. We went out hastily and separated the gallant animals. Afterwards I told the lady where she would find my wife—just round the corner, under the trees. She nodded and went off with her dog, leaving me appalled before the death and devastation
10 she had lightly made—and with the awfully instructive sound of the word ‘delightful’ lingering in my ears.

XVII

UNREAL WORDS

BY J. H. NEWMAN

[HERE is a passionate appeal for honest thinking by one of the finest minds in England in the nineteenth century. From 1828 to 1843 Newman preached regularly in Oxford. Gladstone in 1887 said: 'When I was an undergraduate of Oxford, Dr. Newman was very much respected for his character and his known ability. 5 Without ostentation or effort, but by simple excellence, he was constantly drawing undergraduates more and more around him, . . . There was a stamp and a seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone; there was a complete-
ness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the 10 manner, which made his delivery . . . singularly attractive.' This passage is taken from one of these Sermons.

Words are powerful weapons and Newman had no mercy on those who did not respect them. 'Words have a meaning, whether we mean that meaning or not, and they are imputed to 15 us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault.' To those writers around us today (their name is legion) who contrive to write apparently without any meaning, this sermon says, 'Try to understand what you say,' and to that still greater multitude of facile talkers which infests society it says, 20 'That a thing is true, is no reason that it should be said, but that it should be done; that it should be acted upon; that it should be made our own inwardly. Let us avoid talking, of whatever kind.']

THIS is especially a day of professions. You will 25 answer in my own words, that all ages have been ages of profession. So they have been, in one way or other, but this day in its own especial sense;—

because this is especially a day of individual profession. This is a day in which there is (rightly or wrongly) so much of private judgement, so much of separation and difference, so much of preaching
5 and teaching, so much of authorship, that it involves individual profession, responsibility, and recompense in a way peculiarly its own. It will not then be out of place if, in connexion with the text, we consider some of the many ways in which persons, whether
10 in this age or in another, make unreal professions, or seeing see not, and hearing hear not, and speak without mastering, or trying to master, their words. This I will attempt to do at some length, and in matters of detail, which are not the less important
15 because they are minute.

Of course it is very common in all matters, not only in religion, to speak in an unreal way; viz., when we speak on a subject with which our minds are not familiar. If you were to hear a person who
20 knew nothing about military matters, giving directions how soldiers on service should conduct themselves, or how their food and lodging, or their marching, was to be duly arranged, you would be sure that his mistakes would be such as to excite the ridicule
25 and contempt of men experienced in warfare. If a foreigner were to come to one of our cities, and without hesitation offer plans for the supply of our markets, or the management of our police, it is so certain that he would expose himself, that the very
30 attempt would argue a great want of good sense and modesty. We should feel that he did not understand us, and that when he spoke about us, he would be

using words without meaning. If a dim-sighted man were to attempt to decide questions of proportion and colour, or a man without ear to judge of musical compositions, we should feel that he spoke on and from general principles, on fancy, or by deduction 5 and argument, not from a real apprehension of the matters which he discussed. His remarks would be theoretical and unreal.

This unsubstantial way of speaking is instanced in the case of persons who fall into any new company, 10 among strange faces and amid novel occurrences. They sometimes form amiable judgements of men and things, sometimes the reverse,—but whatever their judgements be, they are to those who know the men and the things strangely unreal and distorted. They 15 feel reverence where they should not; they discern slights where none were intended; they discover meaning in events which have none; they fancy motives; they misinterpret manner; they mistake character; and they form generalizations and com- 20 binations which exist only in their own minds.

Again, persons who have not attended to the subject of morals, or to politics, or to matters ecclesiastical, or to theology, do not know the relative value of questions which they meet with in these 25 departments of knowledge. They do not understand the difference between one point and another. The one and the other are the same to them. They look at them as infants gaze at the objects which meet their eyes, in a vague unapprehensive way, as if not 30 knowing whether a thing is a hundred miles off or close at hand, whether great or small, hard or soft.

They have no means of judging, no standard to measure by,—and they give judgement at random, saying yea or nay on very deep questions, according as their fancy is struck at the moment, or as some
5 clever or specious argument happens to come across them. Consequently they are inconsistent; say one thing one day, another the next;—and if they must act, act in the dark; or if they can help acting, do not act; or if they act freely, act from some other
10 reason not avowed. All this is to be unreal.

Again, there cannot be a more apposite specimen of unreality than the way in which judgements are commonly formed upon important questions by the mass of the community. Opinions are continually
15 given in the world on matters, about which those who offer them are as little qualified to judge as blind men about colours, and that because they have never exercised their minds upon the points in question. This is a day in which all men are obliged
20 to have an opinion on all questions, political, social, and religious, because they have in some way or other an influence upon the decision; yet the multitude are for the most part absolutely without capacity to take their part in it. In saying this, I am far
25 from meaning that this need be so,—I am far from denying that there is such a thing as plain good sense, or (what is better) religious sense, which will see its way through very intricate matters, or that this is in fact sometimes exerted in the community
30 at large on certain great questions; but at the same time this practical sense is so far from existing as regards the vast mass of questions which in this day

come before the public, that (as all persons who attempt to gain the influence of the people on their side know well) their opinions must be purchased by interesting their prejudices or fears in their favour; —not by presenting a question in its real and true 5 substance, but by adroitly colouring it, or selecting out of it some particular point which may be exaggerated, and dressed up, and be made the means of working on popular feelings. And thus government and the art of government becomes, as much as 10 popular religion, hollow and unsound.

And hence it is that the popular voice is so changeable. One man or measure is the idol of the people today, another tomorrow. They have never got beyond accepting shadows for things. 15

What is instanced in the mass is instanced also in various ways in individuals, and in points of detail. For instance, some men are set perhaps on being eloquent speakers. They use great words and imitate the sentences of others; and they fancy that those 20 whom they imitate had as little meaning as themselves, or they perhaps contrive to think that they themselves have a meaning adequate to their words.

Another sort of unreality, or voluntary profession of what is above us, is instanced in the conduct of 25 those who suddenly come into power or place. They affect a manner such as they think the office requires, but which is beyond them, and therefore unbecoming. They wish to act with dignity, and they cease to be themselves. 30

XVIII

A FAREWELL TO ESSAY-WRITING

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

[FROM the first time I ever cast my eyes upon anything of Burke's I said to myself, "This is true eloquence, this is a man pouring out his mind on paper."'] It is one of the best things ever said on Burke: Hazlitt said it and it might be applied aptly to
5 himself. From 1817 till this essay in 1828 he poured out an unstinted stream of stimulating thought in a style that is as stimulating as any in English prose. His perfected ease was the reward of labour. In the same essay ('On Reading Old Books'), still speaking of Burke, he says, 'If such is still my admiration for
10 this man's. . . . powers, what must it have been at a time when I myself was in vain trying, year after year, to write a single Essay, nay, a single page or sentence; when I regarded the wonders of his pen with the longing eyes of one who was dumb and a changeling, and when, to be able to convey the
15 slightest conception of my meaning to others in words, was the height of an almost hopeless ambition.' This essay completes the story: 'I had no suspicion I should ever become a voluminous writer', but he can confidently 'wind up the account. . . . with an act of easy oblivion'.]

20 This life is best, if quiet life is best.

Food, warmth, sleep, and a book; these are all I at present ask—the *ultima Thule* of my wandering desires. Do you not then wish for

25 A friend in your retreat,
Whom you may whisper, solitude is sweet?

Expected, well enough:—gone, still better. Such attractions are strengthened by distance. Nor a mis-

tress? 'Beautiful mask! I know thee!' When I can judge of the heart from the face, of the thoughts from the lips, I may again trust myself. Instead of these give me the robin red-breast, pecking the crumbs at the door, or warbling on the leafless spray, 5 the same glancing form that has followed me wherever I have been, and 'done its spiriting gently'; or the rich notes of the thrush that startle the ear of winter, and seem to have drunk up the full draught of joy from the very sense of contrast. To these I 10 adhere, and am faithful, for they are true to me; and, dear in themselves, are dearer for the sake of what is departed, leading me back (by the hand) to that dreaming world, in the innocence of which they sat and made sweet music, waking the promise of 15 future years, and answered by the eager throbbings of my own breast. But now 'the credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er', and I turn back from the world that has deceived me, to nature that lent it a false beauty, and that keeps up the illusion of the 20 past. As I quaff my libations of tea in a morning, I love to watch the clouds sailing from the west, and fancy that 'the spring comes slowly up this way'. In this hope, while 'fields are dank and ways are mire', I follow the same direction to a neighbouring wood, 25 where, having gained the dry, level greensward, I can see my way for a mile before me, closed in on each side by copse-wood, and ending in a point of light more or less brilliant, as the day is bright or cloudy. What a walk is this to me! I have no need 30 of book or companion—the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side, and blend with

the air that fans my cheek. Here I can saunter for hours, bending my eye forward, stopping and turning to look back, thinking to strike off into some less trodden path, yet hesitating to quit the one I am in, afraid to snap the brittle threads of memory. I remark the shining trunks and slender branches of the birch trees, waving in the idle breeze; or a pheasant springs up on whirring wing; or I recall the spot where I once found a wood-pigeon at the foot of a tree, weltering in its gore, and think how many seasons have flown since 'it left its little life in air'. Dates, names, faces comes back—to what purpose? Or why think of them now? Or rather why not think of them oftener? We walk through life, as through a narrow path, with a thin curtain drawn around it; behind are ranged rich portraits, airy harps are strung—yet we will not stretch forth our hands and lift aside the veil, to catch glimpses of the one, or sweep the chords of the other. As in a theatre, when the old-fashioned green curtain drew up, groups of figures, fantastic dresses, laughing faces, rich banquets, stately columns, gleaming vistas appeared beyond; so we have only at any time to 'peep through the blanket of the past', to possess ourselves at once of all that has regaled our senses, that is stored up in our memory, that has struck our fancy, that has pierced our hearts:—yet to all this we are indifferent, insensible, and seem intent only on the present vexation, the future disappointment. If there is a Titian hanging up in the room with me, I scarcely regard it: how then should I be expected to strain the mental eye so far, or to throw down,

by the magic spells of the will, the stone walls that enclose it in the Louvre? There is one head there of which I have often thought, when looking at it, that nothing should ever disturb me again, and I would become the character it represents—such perfect 5 calmness and self-possession reigns in it! Why do I not hang an image of this in some dusky corner of my brain, and turn an eye upon it ever and anon, as I have need of some such talisman to calm my troubled thoughts? The attempt is fruitless, if not 10 natural; or, like that of the French, to hang garlands on the grave, and to conjure back the dead by miniature pictures of them while living! It is only some actual coincidence or local association that tends, without violence, to ‘open all the cells where memory 15 slept’. I can easily, by stooping over the long-sprent grass and clay cold clod, recall the tufts of primroses, or purple hyacinths, that formerly grew on the same spot, and cover the bushes with leaves and singing-birds, as they were eighteen summers ago; or pro- 20 longing my walk and hearing the sighing gale rustle through a tall, straight wood at the end of it, can fancy that I distinguish the cry of hounds, and the fatal group issuing from it, as in the tale of Theodore and Honoria. A moaning gust of wind aids the 25 belief; I look once more to see whether the trees before me answer to the idea of the horror-stricken grove, and an air-built city towers over their grey tops.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief and most renown'd Ravenna stands.¹

30

¹ Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*, princip.

I return home resolved to read the entire poem through, and, after dinner, drawing my chair to the fire, and holding a small print close to my eyes, launch into the full tide of Dryden's couplets (a stream of sound), comparing his didactic and descriptive pomp with the simple pathos and picturesque truth of Boccaccio's story, and tasting with a pleasure, which none but an habitual reader can feel, some quaint examples of pronounciation in this accomplished
10 versifier.

Which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh *impulse* her former fright renew'd.¹
And made th' *insult*, which in his grief appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears.²

15 These trifling instances of the wavering and unsettled state of the language give double effect to the firm and stately march of the verse, and make me dwell with a sort of tender interest on the difficulties and doubts of an earlier period of literature. They pro-
20 nounced words then in a manner which we should laugh at now; and they wrote verse in a manner which we can do anything but laugh at. The pride of a new acquisition seems to give fresh confidence to it; to impel the rolling syllables through the moulds
25 provided for them, and to overflow the envious bounds of rhyme into time-honoured triplets.

What sometimes surprises me in looking back to the past, is, with the exception already stated, to find myself so little changed in the time. The same
30 images and trains of thought stick by me: I have

¹ Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*, princip.

² Dryden's *Sigismonda and Guiscardo*.

the same tastes, likings, sentiments, and wishes that I had then. One great ground of confidence and support has, indeed, been struck from under my feet; but I have made it up to myself by proportionable pertinacity of opinion. The success of the great cause, 5 to which I had vowed myself, was to me more than all the world: I had a strength in its strength, a resource which I knew not of, till it failed me for the second time.

Fall'n was Glenartny's stately tree!
Oh! ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

10

It was not till I saw the axe laid to the root, that I found the full extent of what I had to lose and suffer. But my conviction of the right was only established by the triumph of the wrong; and my earliest hopes 15 will be my last regrets. One source of this unbendingness (which some may call obstinacy), is that, though living much alone, I have never worshipped the Echo. I see plainly enough that black is not white, that the grass is green, that kings are not their 20 subjects; and, in such self-evident cases, do not think it necessary to collate my opinions with the received prejudices. In subtler questions, and matters that admit of doubt, as I do not impose my opinion on others without a reason, so I will not give up mine 25 to them without a better reason; and a person calling me names, or giving himself airs of authority, does not convince me of his having taken more pains to find out the truth than I have, but the contrary. Mr. Gifford once said, that 'while I was sitting over my 30 gin and tobacco-pipes, I fancied myself a Leibnitz'. He did not so much as know that I had ever read a

metaphysical book :—was I therefore, out of complaisance or deference to him, to forget whether I had or not? Leigh Hunt is puzzled to reconcile the shyness of my pretensions with the inveteracy and sturdiness of my principles. I should have thought they were nearly the same thing. Both from disposition and habit, I can *assume* nothing in word, look, or manner. I cannot steal a march upon public opinion in any way. My standing upright, speaking loud, entering a room gracefully, proves nothing; therefore I neglect these ordinary means of recommending myself to the good graces and admiration of strangers (and, as it appears, even of philosophers and friends). Why? Because I have other resources, or, at least, am absorbed in other studies and pursuits. Suppose this absorption to be extreme, and even morbid—that I have brooded over an idea till it has become a kind of substance in my brain, that I have reasons for a thing which I have found out with much labour and pains, and to which I can scarcely do justice without the utmost violence of exertion (and that only to a few persons)—is this a reason for my playing off my out-of-the-way notions in all companies, wearing a prim and self-complacent air, as if I were ‘the admired of all observers’? or is it not rather an argument (together with a want of animal spirits), why I should retire into myself, and perhaps acquire a nervous and uneasy look, from a consciousness of the disproportion between the interest and conviction I feel on certain subjects, and my ability to communicate what weighs upon my own mind to others? If my ideas, which I do not avouch, but suppose, lie

below the surface, why am I to be always attempting to dazzle superficial people with them, or smiling, delighted, at my own want of success?

In matters of taste and feeling, one proof that my conclusions have not been quite shallow or hasty, is 5 the circumstance of their having been lasting. I have the same favourite books, pictures, passages that I ever had: I may therefore presume that they will last me my life—nay, I may indulge a hope that my thoughts will survive me. This continuity of impres- 10 sion is the only thing on which I pride myself. Even Lamb, whose relish of certain things is as keen and earnest as possible, takes a surfeit of admiration, and I should be afraid to ask about his select authors or particular friends, after a lapse of ten years. As to 15 myself, any one knows where to have me. What I have once made up my mind to, I abide by to the end of the chapter. One cause of my independence of opinion is, I believe, the liberty I give to others, or the very diffidence and distrust of making converts. 20 I should be an excellent man on a jury. I might say little, but should starve ‘the other eleven obstinate fellows’ out. I remember Mr. Godwin writing to Mr. Wordsworth, that ‘his tragedy of *Antonio* could not fail of success’. It was damned past all redemp- 25 tion. I said to Mr. Wordsworth that I thought this a natural consequence; for how could any one have a dramatic turn of mind who judged entirely of others from himself? Mr. Godwin might be convinced of the excellence of his work; but how could he know that 30 others would be convinced of it, unless by supposing that they were as wise as himself, and as infallible

critics of dramatic poetry—so many Aristotles sitting in judgement on Euripides! This shows why pride is connected with shyness and reserve; for the really proud have not so high an opinion of the
 5 generality as to suppose that they can understand them, or that there is any common measure between them. So Dryden exclaims of his opponents with bitter disdain—

Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.

10 I have not sought to make partisans, still less did I dream of making enemies; and have therefore kept my opinions myself, whether they were currently adopted or not. To get others to come into our ways of thinking, we must go over to theirs; and it is neces-
 15 sary to follow, in order to lead. At the time I lived here formerly, I had no suspicion that I should ever become a voluminous writer, yet I had just the same confidence in my feelings before I had ventured to air them in public as I have now. Neither the outcry
 20 *for* or *against* moves me a jot: I do not say that the one is not more agreeable than the other.

Not far from the spot where I write, I first read Chaucer's *Flower and Leaf*, and was charmed with that young beauty, shrouded in her bower, and listen-
 25 ing with ever-fresh delight to the repeated song of the nightingale close by her—the impression of the scene, the vernal landscape, the cool of the morning, the gushing notes of the songstress,

And ayen methought she sung close by mine ear,
 30 is as vivid as if it had been of yesterday; and nothing can persuade me that that is not a fine poem. I do

not find this impression conveyed in Dryden's version, and therefore nothing can persuade me that that is as fine. I used to walk out at this time with Mr. and Miss Lamb of an evening, to look at the Claude Lorraine skies over our heads melting from azure into 5 purple and gold, and to gather mushrooms, that sprung up at our feet, to throw into our hashed mutton at supper. I was at that time an enthusiastic admirer of Claude, and could dwell for ever on one or two of the finest prints from him hung round my little room; 10 the fleecy flocks, the bending trees, the winding streams, the groves, the nodding temples, the air-wove hills, and distant sunny vales; and tried to translate them into their lovely living hues. People then told me that Wilson was much superior to 15 Claude: I did not believe them. Their pictures have since been seen together at the British Institution, and all the world have come into my opinion. I have not, on that account, given it up. I will not compare our hashed mutton with Amelia's; but it put us in 20 mind of it, and led to a discussion, sharply seasoned and well sustained, till midnight, the result of which appeared some years after in the *Edinburgh Review*. Have I a better opinion of those criticisms on that account, or should I therefore maintain them with 25 greater vehemence and tenaciousness? Oh no: Both rather with less, now that they are before the public, and it is for them to make their election.

It is in looking back to such scenes that I draw my best consolation for the future. Later impressions 30 come and go, and serve to fill up the intervals; but these are my standing resource, my true classics. If

I have had few real pleasures or advantages, my ideas,
from their sinewy texture, have been to me in the
nature of realities; and if I should not be able to add
to the stock, I can live by husbanding the interest.
5 As to my speculations, there is little to admire in
them but my admiration of others; and whether they
have an echo in time to come or not, I have learned
to set a grateful value on the past, and am content
to wind up the account of what is personal only to
10 myself and the immediate circle of objects in which
I have moved, with an act of easy oblivion,

And curtain-close such scene from every future view.

NOTES

PAGE 2. 8. *Kensington*: the districts mentioned cover London from west to east along the north of the river through very thickly populated areas. Kensington gardens form the only extensive open space (or 'lung' as city planners now say) over about 12 miles. But the average distribution of open area and house area is 5 to 1. Dick wonders why a special area should be called 'gardens' when all England is once again a garden.

PAGE 4. 9. *Windsor*: up the river.

24. *School*? Morris' views here expressed on education are ideal and presuppose a standard of culture which the masses of any nation will never attain. We agree with his views up to a point nowadays and try to practise them in primary education in rich communities.

PAGE 6. 10. *ugly writing*: Morris was a master printer himself and in his Kelmscott Press produced beautiful (and often unreadable) texts, which retained something of the appearance of medieval script.

28-29. *Welsh, or Irish*: both being Gaelic.

PAGE 9. 2. *Westminster Abbey*: the outside is better now: the inside is still cluttered with vulgar monuments. The Houses of Parliament are just opposite, as ugly as the Abbey is beautiful.

16. *Houses of Parliament*: cf. Wells' most amusing attack in *The Wealth, Work and Happiness of Mankind*.

PAGE 10. 11. *St. Paul's*: the famous cathedral, largest of the famous Wren Churches: generally admired, but Morris was all for the earlier, medieval style of which Westminster Abbey is an example.

PAGE 11. 29. *Labour*: Ruskin has just written 'as the price of everything is to be calculated finally in labour, it is necessary to define the nature of that standard.'

PAGE 14. 5. *struo*: = I join: build: construct.

10. *he that gathereth not, scattereth*: Matthew XII. 30. Ruskin knew his Bible very thoroughly and his writings are impregnated with Bible references.

PAGE 15. 2. *olive branch*: Psalms CXXVIII. 3.

7-8. *as arrows . . . giant*: Psalms CXXVII. 4.

25. *σπορητος* : = the seed time.

25. *φυταλια* : = the planting time.

26. *οπωρα* : = the season of ripe fruit.

30. *ob civem servatum* : = on account of a citizen saved.

30. *natum* : = given birth.

PAGE 16. 6-7. *caput vivum* : = literally 'living heads' ; *mortuum* = dead. 'Caput mortuum' is a term of the old chemists for the residuum of chemicals when all volatile matter had escaped.

20. *Prince Rupert's drops* : Prince Rupert (1619-82), Charles I's general of the horse, invented glass bubbles which could be hit quite hard with a hammer on their sides 'but the gentlest tap on the tail produced instant dissolution.' Vide *Prince Rupert* by Clennell Wilkinson, p. 243.

31-32. *splendescere sulco* : the words following translate the phrase, which is from the *Georgics*, a poem by Virgil on farming.

PAGE 17. 12. *Tisiphone* : one of the three Eumenides, the Avenging Deities in Greek mythology.

14. *Ixion* : promised his father-in-law a present and did not give it, so his father-in-law stole his horses and Ixion revenged himself at this banquet ; represented in the after-life as suffering the punishment of eternally revolving on a wheel.

23. *Demas* : = gentleman-like : character in *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

26. *Juno* : mother of the Gods in Latin mythology.

28. the *Centaurs* : mythological creatures, half man, half horse.

30. *Ephraim* : Hosea XII. 1.

32. *Dante* (1265-1321) : most famous of Italian medieval poets : author of *Divina Commedia*, a religious epic which is one of the most admired poems in European literature.

32. *Geryon* = character in *Divina Commedia*, where he is the symbol of fraud and guards the eighth circle of Hell.

PAGE 18. 1-2. *l'aer a se raccolse* : the previous words translate the phrase.

9. *Middle Ages* : the period in European culture before the Renaissance.

11. *Ezekiel* : Old Testament prophet. Vide I. 15, *et seq.*

PAGE 19. 23. *John Stuart Mill* : Ruskin begins this book by attacking Mill's remark in his *Principles of Political Economy* (1848)—'Every one has a notion, sufficiently correct for common

purposes, of what is meant by wealth. . . . 'It is no part of the design of this treatise to aim at metaphysical nicety of definition.' Ruskin says, 'The real gist of these papers, their central meaning and aim, is to give, as I believe, for the first time in plain English . . . a logical definition of *Wealth*.'

24. *Ricardo (1772-1823)*: made a fortune on the London Stock Exchange and then devoted himself to the study of economics. Chief work, *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* (1817).

PAGE 21. 17-18. *reap what you have sown*: Galatians VI. 7.

PAGE 24. 24-25. *The life . . . meat*: Matthew VI. 25.

27. *Ye sheep without shepherd*: Matthew IX. 36.

PAGE 28. 30. *Sodom and . . . Gomorrah*: the cities of the plain of Jordan, destroyed because of their wickedness. Genesis XIII. 18, 19.

PAGE 29. 10-11. *Rejoices in the habitable parts of the earth*: Proverbs VIII. 31.

18. *The desire of the heart*: Proverbs XV. 30.

32. *bread only*: Matthew IV. 4.

PAGE 31. 5. *justice . . . is sown in peace etc.*: Psalms LXXXV. 10.

13-15. $\pi\omega\lambda\epsilon\upsilon$ =to sell; $\pi\epsilon\lambda\omega$ =(originally) I come; $\pi\rho\alpha\sigma\iota\varsigma$ =a sale; $\pi\epsilon\rho\alpha'\omega$ =I pass across; *venire*=to come; *vendre*=to sell; *venio*=I come.

19-20. *hath builded . . . seven pillars*: Proverbs IX. 1.

29. *her paths are peace also*: Proverbs III. 17.

PAGE 32. 18. Hesiod: 'How much refreshment is in asphodel' (a wild herb).

PAGE 33. 13-14. *Unto this last . . . thee*: Matthew XX. 13.

17-19. *Wicked cease . . . Weary are at rest*: Job, III. 17.

PAGE 35. 10. *Dr. Johnson*: such forthright sayings are among the great pleasures of Boswell's biography.

25. *Butler (1692-1752)*: Bishop of Durham: principal works, *Fifteen Sermons, Of the Nature of Virtue* and the more popular *Analogy of Religion*.

30. *At home*: in *Culture and Anarchy*, (1869).

PAGE 36. 29. *Mr. Bright*: [Refer to Note in Bagehot.] Arnold had little use for Bright's ideas.

PAGE 37. 8-9. *The majority are bad*: a commonplace of the Greek philosophers; frequently said by Socrates.

11-12. *Many are called, few chosen* : saying of Christ implying that few attain a full spiritual life.

PAGE 44. 25. *Lord Palmerston* : (1784-1865) entered Parliament, 1807 : Tory Prime Minister 1855-58 and again in 1859 till his death. See Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

PAGE 45. 18. *Reform Act of 1867* : which 'Carlyle, with a profusion of dyspeptic epithet, denounced as "Shoaling Niagara."' Green : *A Short History of the English People*. The Act greatly increased the number of voters. The earlier Reform Act is however a more important landmark in English Constitutional History.

PAGE 46. 11. *Education Act* : 'for which Mr. W. E. Foster was mainly responsible, and which laid the foundation of modern English elementary education. . . . His Act embodied three principles new to English public education : the compulsory attendance of children at school, a representative local authority and a compulsory local rate' Green : *A Short History of the English People*.

13. *Sir George Grey* : (1799-1882). Home Secretary under Russell and Palmerston.

13-14. *the disestablishment of the Irish Church* : disestablishment of Anglican Irish Church by Gladstone in 1869 : vide Trevelyan's *British History in the 19th Century*. pp. 340-50.

PAGE 47. 11. *Lord Derby (1799-1869)* : entered Parliament 1822 : during third premiership (1866-68) concerted the Parliamentary Reform Bill of 1867 with Disraeli.

Lord Russell (1792-1878) : Prime Minister on death of Palmerston, but resigned in 1866 : opposed Disraeli's Reform Bill, 1859.

PAGE 49. 28. *ten-pound householders* : under the Act, householders paying £10 rent annually became voters.

PAGE 52. 11. *Bright (1811-89)* : orator and statesman : master of the plain style : with Cobden, leading representative of emergence of manufacturing class as a force in English politics after the Reform Act of 1832.

13. *Common jury* : i.e. 'the man in the street.'

PAGE 53. 26. *Mr. Gladstone* : (1809-98) great Liberal statesman. Four times Prime Minister, alternating in that office with Disraeli.

27. *Mr. Pitt (1759-1806)* : second son of Lord Chatham : Prime Minister in 1783 ; guided England through the period of the French Revolution and early Napoleonic wars.

PAGE 58. 2. *Vox diaboli* : 'The voice of the people will be the voice of the devil.'

PAGE 63. 22-23. *touch a dividend* : i.e. make a profit from his expert knowledge of curios.

PAGE 64. 5-6. *Christmas Day* : falls in mid-winter, when a candle might very well be required in the early afternoon : as Christ's birthday, a universal holiday.

PAGE 69. 3. *Time was* : cf. *Macbeth* III, 4.

PAGE 76. 13. *Napoleon* : in his Russian campaign.

PAGE 77. 4. *Sheraton* : (1751-1806) a famous designer and maker of furniture.

PAGE 78. 2. *Jacobean* : i.e. built in the 17th century. The Ten Commandments, the laws of Moses, are often inscribed on the walls of the east end of a church.

PAGE 85. 15. *revival meetings*. For the revival of religion, the speakers work on the emotions of their hearers to induce extravagance of religious feeling.

PAGE 89. 20. *Rabat* : coast town in Morocco.

PAGE 90. 1. *Frederic* : Frederick the Great (1712-86) of Prussia. Carlyle wrote a hero-worshipping biography of him.

13. *Waterbury watch* : a cheap, reliable English make.

16. *Tafilet* : an oasis 200 miles S. E. and beyond the high Atlas range.

PAGE 93. 14. *Cuids* : Alcayde, governor of a castle.

15. *zaribas* : fortified camp.

26. *Three Maries* : after the three Marys at the Cross of Christ.

PAGE 94. 11. *Marakesh* : the city of Morocco : a glance at a map will make his route clear.

18. *liana* : name for the twining and climbing plants in tropical forests.

Canela : cinnamon.

Urunday : is a tree found in Uruguay.

PAGE 96. 17. *mouflons* : wild sheep.

18. *lentiscus* : lentil.

arbutus : evergreen shrub.

PAGE 97. 11. *kief* : Moroccan for 'kef' = hemp.

PAGE 98. 7-8 *Pentateuch* : first five books of the Bible.

PAGE 101. 25. *The quest* : the book has been a very unusual type of travel book and this is the last chapter. In the first he confesses that he is going to 'make in the pages that follow, some undiplomatic admissions of full satisfaction with certain contents of life on the earth.'

PAGE 102. 2. *Alps* : he mentions some of the most admired natural scenery in Europe. These place names are redolent with colour and charm for English travellers, as, say, 'Kashmir' is for us.

24. *Time himself* : the conception of Time-Space and consequent ideas thrust on us by the physicists. The idea Montague develops here is that events which we consider as long past really still exist somewhere else in space.

PAGE 103. 12. *Restoration* : 1660.

14. *Hastings*, 1066.

15. *Caesar*, 44 B. C.

16. *Hannibal*, 183 B. C.

17. *Horatius*, vide Macaulay's *Lays*.

PAGE 104. 4. *Dover* : before the English Channel and North Sea existed, geologists tell us that the Rhine went North over what is now the North Sea to an outlet near Iceland, and the rivers of England now falling into the North Sea were its tributaries.

24. *Hardy* : (1840-1928), English novelist and poet. The scene of nearly all his novels is a tract of South England across Hampshire and Dorset which he calls Wessex.

25. *Venice of Ruskin* : 'The Stones of Venice' (1851-3).

PAGE 105. 6. *Taormina* : A town in Sicily.

7. *Vallombrosa* : in N. Italy ; again both names are full of literary association.

18. *Sistine Madonna* : a famous picture by the Italian painter Raphael, so called because it is in the Sistine Chapel in Rome : the model may have been a peasant woman.

22. *Snowdon range* : the mountains of N. Wales.

PAGE 107. 11. *Milton* : vide 'L'Allegro' ll. 41-8.

PAGE 108. 13. *Oscar Wilde* : (1856-1900), wit and dramatist.

31. *Burns* : the quotation is from the *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

PAGE 109. 7. *Marlowe* : (1564-93) one of the greatest Elizabethan dramatists.

8. *Morland* : (1763-1804) painter ; his epitaph on himself was 'Here lies a drunken dog.' So he had the same trouble as the Scottish poet Burns.

Mangan : (1803-49). said to be the greatest of poets of Irish birth.

25. *Cavalier's poem* : Lovelace (1618-58) *To Althea from Prison*.

Who is not passion's slave : Hamlet III, 2, 71.

PAGE 110. 8-9. *Thou dost strong : Wordsworth ; Ode to Duty.*

11. *Wordsworth : (1770-1850) philosophical poet of the Romantic School.*

Ecclesiastes : book in the Bible, the theme of which is 'All is Vanity.'

PAGE 111. 10. *Orion and the Great Dog.* admired constellations.

29. *Oxford : cf. Arnold 'Beautiful City! so venerable, so lovely, so unvarnished by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene'*

PAGE 113. 18. *Doldrums : the condition of a sailing ship that is becalmed.*

PAGE 114. 13. *Botticelli : (1447-1510). Italian painter, now generally admired. vide Pater's Renaissance, Essay on Botticelli, 'Judith returning home across the hilly country, when the great deed is done and the moment of revulsion comes, when the olive branch in her hand is becoming a burden.'*

See also Ruskin's *Mornings in Florence* : She is returning to the camp of her Israel, followed by her maid carrying the head of Holofernes. And she walks in one of Botticelli's light dancing actions, her drapery all on flutter, and her hand, like Fortitude's, light on the sword hilt, but daintily—not nervously, the little finger laid over the cross of it.'

16. *Richmond Hill : gives a famous prospect over London, celebrated by Turner, the great landscape painter, and Scott, the novelist, among others.*

20-21. *Take every man's censure reserve your judgement : Polonius in Hamlet I, 3, 69.*

PAGE 115. 5. *St. Mark's : the great church in Venice.*

Meredith : (1828-1909) novelist. Try The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.

PAGE 117. 4-5. *with uplifted hand . . . Strand : from The Life by Stephen Phillips (1864-1915).*

PAGE 120. 2. *Draw : 'stumps' understood.*

PAGE 121. 5. *Newgate Fringe : fringe of bread worn under the chin. Newgate was a celebrated London prison.*

PAGE 122. 17. *Wodger : what you=what did you.*

19. *Blob or 'duck' i.e. nothing.*

PAGE 124. 14. *Boer War ovation : England was very excited about this war, so the phrase means a very special ovation.*

25. *Dixon* : was the author's groom.

PAGE 128. 17. *Goddess* : 'I remember a paper in the *Freeholder* or the *Spectator* published just after the funding system had begun representing *Public Credit* as a *Goddess* Time has taught me that *Public Credit* means the contracting of debts which a nation never can pay,' writes Cobbett in a previous section.

32. *Pitcher to the well* : a Bible reference, meaning the pitcher is broken at last.

PAGE 131. 18. *fixed price* : the fixed price system prevails in England now. *Haggling* over prices is regarded as a degrading waste of time, or would be if it was ever attempted.

PAGE 132. 9. *hundreds* : an Anglo-Saxon division corresponding roughly to tehsil.

PAGE 134. 2. *Pope* : the judgement of time goes against Dennis in favour of Pope, Swift and Addison (whose *Cato* however is quite dead).

7. *America* : the author served as a soldier in Canada.

PAGE 135. 1. *Dr. Blair* : a Scottish professor : in the Scottish Universities there are Chairs of 'Rhetoric and English Literature.'

18. *A Journal* : contrast Stevenson's view, who found diaries 'a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception.' But Cobbett's advice may perhaps be taken and this pitfall avoided.

PAGE 139. 24. *Nature* : a magazine to delight every person of intelligence : founded in 1869 for the purpose of providing the general public with information on scientific matters. Prof. Huxley's grandfather was one of its distinguished early supporters.

25. *Wells* (1866-) : novelist and short story writer. Try *Kipps* and *the Country of the Blind*. Now gives his time mainly to writing histories and books of science to stimulate the popular mind. Try *Short History of the World* (1922), *The Science of Life* (1931).

PAGE 140. 4. *Utopia* : literally 'Nowhere Land,' from More's book (1516). Plato's *Republic* and Morris' *News from Nowhere* are examples.

5. *Gulliver's Travels* : (1721) by Swift : a lacerating satire of humankind.

6. *Erewhon* : (1872) by Samuel Butler : in which men are shown as becoming the slaves of machines.

27. *Bergson* : (1859-) French philosopher.

PAGE 141. 12. *Belloc* : (1870-) vide *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*.

PAGE 142. 28. *Oundle* : English public school, experimentally modern.

PAGE 143. 4. *Sensu restricto* : 'in the restricted sense' 'proper'.

30. *Olympus* : the heavenly region inhabited by the Gods of Latin mythology.

PAGE 145. 7. *Mendel's laws* : law or theory of the transmission of inherited characteristics, worked out by Mendel (1822-84), Abbot of Brünn.

PAGE 146. 7. *W. H. Rivers* : (1864-1922), experimental psychologist ; anthropologist.

22. *Carr-Saunders* : (1886-), Professor of social science, Liverpool University.

30. *Lyell* : (1797-1875) geologist : discredited catastrophic school.

31. *Darwin* : (1809-82) naturalist : author of *Origin of Species*, 1859.

PAGE 147. 15. *Father Amerton* : character in 'Men Like Gods' : chaplain to army of Earthlings in Utopia.

19. *Tristram Shandy* : (1759-67), a novel by Sterne.

24. *Roman Church* : believes that the soul of the child who dies unbaptized is damned.

29. *Mr. Shandy* : would prefer the French to remain French.

PAGE 150. 15. *Copernicus* : (1473-1543) celebrated astronomer, propounded the theory that the earth and planets move round the sun.

13. *Galileo* : (1564-1642). Italian astronomer and physicist : dropped bodies of unequal weights from the Leaning Tower in Pisa to show that they fall with the same velocity.

24. *Newton* : (1642-1727) mathematician and physicist, propounded theories of laws of motion and universal gravitation.

PAGE 152. 11. *Prohibition* : the question of prohibiting the drinking of alcohol was very popular a decade ago.

Irish Home Rule : a very vexed question for a long time in the British Parliament.

PAGE 154. 27. *Napoleon III* : (1808-73) nephew of the Great Napoleon, by a *coup d'état* (decisive stroke of state policy) became President of the French Republic in 1851 for ten years, and was proclaimed Emperor in 1852.

PAGE 156. 12. *the Kaiser* : Emperor of Germany, chief of the military caste in Prussia. Abdicated in 1918.

13. *Ku Klux Klan* : American secret society founded seventy years ago : developed at one time into a system of political outrage.

PAGE 157. 12. *Unitarians* : in this controversy decided that Jesus was not part of the Godhead while the Trinitarians hold that God is the Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The latter is orthodox.

24. *Athanasian Creed* : a creed is a statement of belief and the Church has many. This one is particularly famous.

PAGE 158. 4. *Christian Science* : an American form of belief, which requires living by faith and curing all ills by faith.

23. *Robespierre* : prominent figure in the French Revolution.

23-24. *W. J. Bryan* : (1860-1925). an American politician and orator : attained national reputation as leader of the 'free silver' movement.

PAGE 162. 15. *Dante and the architects* : stand for the medieval outlook, while Milton and Phidias (Greek sculptor and architect) stand for the classical ideal : the beauty of the latter being contrasted with the medieval exuberance.

17-18. *Keats brother* : George Keats ; written in September, 1819.

25. *Hyperion* : his unfinished and most splendid poem.

PAGE 163. 1. *James* : (1842-1910). American philosopher : in metaphysics a pragmatist—abstract ideas are true 'if they work'.

23. *Royal Society* : founded in 1645 in London, taking the whole field of knowledge as its province. The improvement of prose was one of its aims. It desired 'a close, naked, natural way of speaking ; positive expressions ; clear senses ; a native easiness.'

PAGE 165. 29. *Earlswood Asylum* : near London.

PAGE 168. 22. *Lord Hatherley* : (1801-81) appointed Lord Chancellor 1868.

32. *Hottentots, Damaras* : inhabiting S. and S.-W. Africa.

PAGE 175. 21. *Logos* : Greek for 'a word' 'reasoning entity' cf. opening of St. John's Gospel. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God.'

PAGE 178. 18-19. *Perihelion of Mercury* : a planet in the solar system moves in an ellipse, the sun's centre being in one focus. The perihelion is that point of the orbit which is nearest the sun. The direction of the radius from the sun to the perihelion does not however remain fixed in direction, but rotates slowly in the plane of the orbit. This would occur even on Newton's theory of

gravitation on account of the perturbations caused by the other planets. In the case of Mercury the rotation of perihelion is appreciable, but the observed amount, 43 seconds of arc per century, is not explainable on Newton's theory, while Einstein's theory does lead to the correct result, within the limits of accuracy of the observations on which it is based. (*Prof. J. A. Strang*).

28. *Laputans* : in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* ; vide Temple Scott's *Prose Works of Swift*, vol. VIII, p. 186.

PAGE 179. 23. *conception* i.e. Christianity.

PAGE 180. 18. *entropy* : first proposed by Clausius in 1865. 'The entropy of a system . . . is always increased by any transport of heat within the system ; hence the entropy of the universe tends to a maximum.'

21-22. *it is easier eye of a needle* : vide St. Matthew, XIX, 24.

PAGE 184. 6-7. *history of English fiction* : at the beginning of Chapter XII (from which this extract is taken) he says, 'It is nearly twenty years since I proposed to myself to write a history of English prose fiction.' The MSS. of the introductory pages remain and their contents are imbedded in this chapter, paras 3-8, very much changed.

PAGE 187. 1. *Solve senescentem* : Horace *Epistolae* I, 1, 8.

PAGE 188. 18. *Turned out to grass* : i.e. be required to work no more.

20. *Gil Blas' canon* : *Gil Blas* is a picaresque romance, published 1715-35, written by the Frenchman Le Sage. The canon invited *Gil Blas*' criticism of his sermon and resented it when given.

PAGE 189. 22-24. *How little thinks of it* : from a letter dated January 12, 1850. Vide *World's Classics* edition, Vol. II p. 207.

PAGE 191. 1-4. *Mercuri, nam* etc. Horace *Odes* III, 11, 1, the italicized words are transposed ruining the metre.

28-29. *Three volumes* : popularly called 'three deckers' ; never now so published. The novel is now very elastic in length.

PAGE 192. 10-11. *The Curious Impertinent and with the history of the Man of the Hill* : short stories embedded in *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones*, by Cervantes and Fielding.

PAGE 194. 4. *Bulwer's* : Bulwer Lytton (1803-73), as a novelist prolific and second rate. His son was the Viceroy.

PAGE 195. 4. *Caleb Williams* : by Godwin, 1794: early example of novel of crime and detection.

Adam Blair : best known novel (1822) by Lockhart, the biographer of Scott.

PAGE 197. 23. *Rousseau* : (1712-78) a writer whose works were a contributory cause of the French Revolution. His *Confessions* were an intimate, sentimental personal record: a self-exposure delicious to himself. *Emile* a system of education written in story form which certainly betrays no sense of humour either. Conrad is speaking exuberantly, and his view on the French Revolution need not be taken seriously.

PAGE 198. 20. *M. Anatole France* : a recently dead French author: Frenchmen now fail to understand his great vogue abroad.

26. *Brunetiere* : (1849-1906). French critic and man of letters: Editor of *Revue des deux mondes*.

PAGE 200. 9-10. *Life is not all beer and skittles* : an English proverbial saying.

11. *Je vous donne d' honneur* : Fr. 'I give you my word of honour'.

PAGE 203. 29. *Quarter-deck training* : here ; in restraint.

PAGE 211. 24. *Another sort* : this para is outside the theme quoted, but is too delicious to omit.

PAGE 212. 20. *This life is best best* : vide *Cymbeline*, III, 3, 29-30.

22. *Ultima Thule* : the *Thule* of the ancient geographers may have been Norway, Iceland or the Shetlands. This phrase is used to mean the uttermost point attainable.

24-25. *A friend is sweet ?* : cf. Cowper, *Retirement*, 741-2. Hazlitt frequently misquotes, sometimes through lapse of memory, often to twist a passage to his purposes.

PAGE 213. 7. *Done gently* : cf. *Tempest*, I, 2, 298.

21. *Libations of tea* : cf. *The Fight*—'If I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea.' Hazlitt was an inveterate tea drinker.

30. *I have no need*: cf. *On going a Journey* : This 'Farewell' recalls many of his essays.

PAGE 214. 30. *Titian* : (1477-1576) great Italian painter: excelled as painter of portraits.

PAGE 215. 2. *The Louvre* : ancient palace of the kings of France in Paris: now the principal art museum in France.

16. *Sprent* : spread.

PAGE 216. 4. *Dryden* : (1681-1700). Hazlitt's tribute to Dryden's versification and this frequent quotation from his works in this mature essay are very interesting. Dryden is one of the most charmingly urbane characters among English writers. The tales mentioned are from his *Fables* (1700).

24. *Rolling syllables* : cf. Gray, *The Progress of Poesy* in reference to Dryden's couplets

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder-cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.

PAGE 217. 5. *The great cause* : The French Revolution of which Wordsworth wrote 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven.' At last, of all these English Romantic writers, Hazlitt alone clung to hope in it, then his faith failed.

30. *Gifford* : a notoriously trenchant contemporary critic.

31. *Leibnitz* : (1646-1716) German philosopher and mathematician.

PAGE 218. 3. *Leigh Hunt* : (1784-1859) journalist, essayist, poet : friend of Hazlitt and Lamb. His *Autobiography* is very entertaining.

PAGE 219. 23. *Godwin* : (1756-1836) materialist philosopher, under whose influence Wordsworth came for a short time after his disappointment in the 'dawn' of the French Revolution.

PAGE 220. 1. *Aristotle* : Greek philosopher. His *Art of Poetry* mainly concerns itself with a discussion of tragedy.

2. *Euripides* : the third of the three great Greek tragedians.

9. *Nor can I think . . . conceive* : vide Dryden, *the Hind and the Panther*, I, 315.

23. *Chaucer* : (1340-1400) the last of English medieval poets and the first great English poet. *The Flower and Leaf* is no longer in the canon.

PAGE 221. 4. *Claude* (1600-1682) often called 'Lorraine' from his birth-place : famous landscape painter : cf. *Conversations of Authors II, and Pleasures of Painting*.

15. *Wilson* : (1714-82) landscape painter.

20. *Amelia* : see Fielding's novel.

23. *Edinburgh Review* : the famous critical journal then edited by Jeffrey.

PAGE 222. 12. *And curtain-close . . . view* : vide Collins, *Ode on the Poetical Character*, 76.